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The Outlook

Volume 143 July 21, 1926 Number 12

Can the Congressional Tub Stand on Its Own Bottom?

WHEN, on the eve of leaving Washington for his summer vacation in the Adirondacks, President Coolidge commended Congress for its work during the recent session, he added some comments which mark a departure from traditions, perhaps from the practices of politics as we have known them in this country for several generations. The President commended, it seemed, with caution and he did not "point with pride"—at least not with party pride—to anything. He made it clear that, in his opinion, Representatives and Senators, and not the Administration, are responsible for what Congress did. He did not "view with alarm" the activities of the other party. He candidly said that the Democrats in Congress are entitled to a share of credit for what was done.

The White House spokesman method of communication to the public is not, in all respects, satisfactory. It leaves too much to inference, not alone as to what the President means but as to what he actually says. There is no record of what was said at this particular press conference, except in the memories of the correspondents who were present, and each correspondent has put his own interpretation upon it. Richard V. Oulahan, of the New York "Times," phrased his interpretation in such way that Mark Sullivan regarded it as worth copying. Perhaps the agreement of these two men as to what the President meant is as near an approach as can be made, in the absence of a record, to what he said. He meant, these men say, that "Senators and Representatives in seeking re-election must take responsibility for what Congress has done or failed to do." If he meant that, he also meant that they must not take credit, even though they are Republicans, for what the Republican Administration has done, and that the Administration will not take either credit or blame for what Congress has done.

Can it be that he means there is to be no party appeal to the country on the basis of the party record? If so, there is something new under the elephantine emblem. Heretofore in our political history each party has claimed everything good for itself and blamed everything bad on the other.

It is true, as The Outlook has been pointing out since January, that no strictly party record was made during the recent session of Congress. Congress enacted somewhat more than half of the important measures that President Coolidge asked for, and it did not pass any bill that he openly opposed. But hardly more than half of the Republican vote was cast as the President wished it cast, and something like half of the Democratic vote was usually cast on the President's side.

Wide World

General Lincoln C. Andrews, head of the Federal prohibition forces

It remains to be seen, as the Congressional campaign develops, whether or not the Executive record and the legislative record can be kept separate. But the attempt to do it, whether it succeeds or not, is decidedly an interesting novelty in our politics.

Reflecting Wet Sentiment

THE wets in the lower house of Congress, they who have shone so brilliantly throughout this session reflecting the preponderant wet sentiment of the country, undertook one afternoon to recommit the Deficiency Appropriation Bill to committee with instructions to strike out the supplemental appropriation of $2,686,760 for the Prohibition Unit. They did not expect to be able to recommit the bill. They did expect to be able to make a lot of noise resembling the rumblings of a ground swell of public sentiment against the appropriation of extra sums of money for prohibition enforcement. It was to be the final demonstration of the session of the formidable proportions of the wet strength. It was.

Unfortunately for the showing which the wets expected to make, the thing went to a record vote. It all happened so suddenly. The sensation must have been, to the wets, similar to that which follows sliding on a banana peel or stepping in front of a swift-moving automobile.

The wets mustered thirty-three votes out of more than two hundred votes cast.

Thirteen of them came from New York. Four came from New Jersey, and included that of the woman Representative. Four came from Maryland, one from Pennsylvania, two from Illinois, two from Ohio, four from Wisconsin, two from Massachusetts, and one from Michigan. Not one vote could be mustered from west of the Mississippi River, and not one from south of the Potomac and the Ohio.

After all of the ostentation of reflection that they have made throughout the session, it would be unkind to tell those men—and that woman—now that they do not reflect the sentiment of the country.

Andrews Organizes a New Army

WHILE General Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement, is in Europe to negotiate anti-smuggling agreements with Governments there, the work of enlarging and strengthening the enforcement machinery goes on at home. An appropriation of $29,000,000, made in the closing days of the recent session of Congress, will put an enforcement army of 4,000 men in the field.

Part of the new men will be organized

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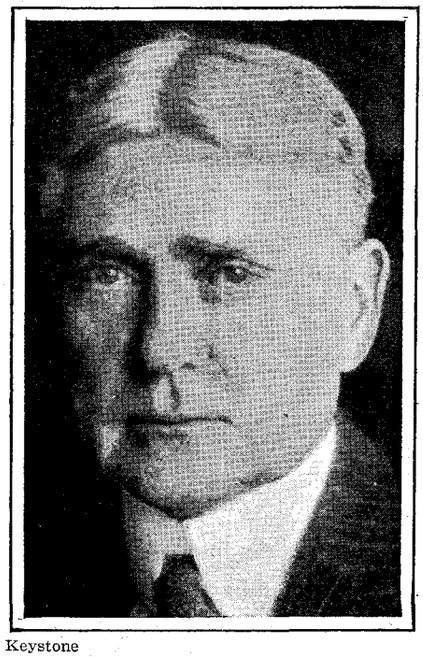
into mobile squads of eighty-one men each to prevent the diversion of industrial alcohol into bootleg channels and to keep the alcoholic content of beer within the prescribed limit. Others will be used in the supervision of drug-store permits in the principal cities. Of these, 100 will be on duty in New York City, 25 in Buffalo, 75 in Philadelphia, 15 in Pittsburgh, 50 in Chicago, and smaller numbers in other cities; 235 of the new men will go on duty in the border patrol, 318 as inspectors, 51 as "under cover" men, 62 for revenue tax assessment duty, and 28 as smuggling investigators. From the collection of taxes from bootleggers and other violators General Andrews expects to turn back into the Treasury a sum equal to at least one-third of the $29,000,000 appropriation.

If General Andrews is to retire early in the fall, as has been persistently rumored and practically confirmed by his own statement, he will leave to his successor a strong army of enforcement officials. Congress gave him no new enforcement legislation, but it gave him money with which to apply the old. It is to be hoped that every possible safeguard will be thrown about the selection of these new men to secure honesty and efficiency, and that Congress will at the next session pass the bill to provide for placing the entire enforcement personnel under Civil Service regulations.

Selling Our Ships

THE Shipping Board has put out what it frankly calls a feeler in inviting bids to take over the fleet, now operated under its management. Though fine vessels, well managed in every respect as any ships on the seven seas, they do not pay. American shipping laws are drastic when compared with those of other nations, and in the competition the results are unfavorable. That is the chief explanation. Yet Robert Dollar is able to do business on the Pacific and in round-the-world voyages, while the Munson Lines to South America prosper. Our disadvantages seem to apply to the Atlantic lane.

Probably the chief reason is that a government board is incapable of running anything right, for obvious reasons. It must be ruled by law, which cannot anticipate conditions or lend itself to enterprise. For this reason government ownership is foreordained to failure. Moreover, there is continual friction among Board members, while subordinates are more conscious of danger than support. There can be no enterprise and but little energy under such circumstances. Successful shipping requires a large share of both. It ought to be possible for American capital to buy and



Keystone

Brigadier-General Albert C. Dalton, new head of the Shipping Board

sustain an American fleet. The truth is this land has lost its taste for the sea.

Texas Bars Evolution; Let Us Be Calm

THE State of Texas has barred the teaching of evolution from its public schools, not by act of the Legislature, but by a ruling of the State Text-Book Commission. Publishers of books adopted for use in Texas schools have been required to revise the texts, in some cases to delete whole chapters, and generally to make drastic changes in most of the scientific text-books.

These appear from newspaper reports to be the facts. They may possibly appear somewhat differently after the Texas authorities have had their say. No matter what the details may be, however, there can be little room for doubt that Texas has undertaken to limit the teaching of the theory of evolution. Undoubtedly, there will be raised against this action a cry similar to that which was raised against the so-called anti-evolution law in Tennessee. There can hardly be, however, a repetition of the Scopes case, since the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon a teacher for violating a ruling of the Commission would be the loss of his position.

Perhaps we may have become sufficiently sobered, too, by a proceeding which was both tragic and futile to realize that we are in danger of taking too seriously what may look like an unwarranted limitation of the freedom of teaching. We may have learned, in a certain measure, the fact that those who look on from a greater distance see less cause for alarm than do our own devotees of the theory of evolution.

Sir Oliver Lodge, in a book recently published treating of evolution and religion from the standpoint of science, said this of the reason for the Tennessee law:

> Crudities were not confined to one side of the controversy. Old doctrines of creation were crude; new doctrines of evolution were equally crude; and either side could have their teeth set on edge by the other. Young and enthusiastic teachers, perceiving only one side of the problem, could rush into extremes; could not only uphold their own view, but could pour scorn upon the other. And since the sectarian differences between religious bodies had led to the suppression of what may be called Biblical teaching in State schools, as the only alternative to strife and sectarian controversy —since the freedom of the orthodox was limited and they were prevented from teaching the young their own special and detailed creeds—it had become obnoxious to allow perfect freedom to the opposition side, who took no interest in sectarian controversy but would gladly sweep away the whole of the doctrine associated in the popular mind with the mysteries of religion. Since sectarian differences had limited freedom on the one side, it seemed right to limit freedom on the other, too. And that, I take it, is the explanation of what otherwise seems an irrational and foolish procedure.

The distant view may not always be the best view, but the fact that a British scientist so distinguished as Sir Oliver does take this view should cause some of our own people to think twice before unleashing their zeal in defense of a science that is amply able to take care of itself.

That Murder Case Again

ONE of the strangest phenomena relating to criminal prosecutions is the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, tried and convicted of murder over five years ago. As we pointed out quite recently, about a dozen acts of violence or demonstrations of anger have occurred in cities in Europe and South America because of this conviction. These two men, although radical agitators themselves, were not accused of any act connected

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That sort was well fished for

(The Tempest, Act II, Scene 1)

Pease in the Newark Evening News

Knowing the "Coolidge luck"—

From Mrs. Henry A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

Dorman H. Smith in the Elmira Star-Gazette

Shucks, a guy can't have any privacy any more

From A. E. Evans, Syracuse, N. Y.

From the Syracuse Post-Standard

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"But he got away!"

From A. E. Evans, Syracuse, N. Y.

Cartoon by Alley

"Huh! They ain't bitin' like they alluz have!"

From A. Walden Klaus, Vicksburg, Miss.

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with their anarchistic beliefs. Sacco and Vanzetti were accused of the murder of two men in an attempt to rob a shoe factory. Their radical admirers abroad seem to have jumped to the conclusion that they were unjustly condemned because they were Italians, aliens, and radicals.

The other day Associated Press despatches told of another peculiar feature of this peculiar case. The President of the German Reichstag and some members of that body have sent three radiograms to Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts, protesting against the death sentence of the two Italians. President Loebe's message reads: "Recommend strongly abolition of death sentence against Sacco and Vanzetti and their retrial, as judicial error in first trial appears possible." Another message reads: "German trade-unionists and members of the Reichstag very excited on Sacco-Vanzetti sentence. Are convinced of miscarriage of justice. Expect retrial."

It is to be assumed that the courts of Massachusetts and the Governor, if he is called on to exercise pardoning power, will do justice in this case. The claim made, as we understand it, is that improper evidence was introduced. A motion for a new trial is still before the courts.

Whatever the outcome may be, it is an unpleasant comment on the delay in American courts that final action has not yet been reached in the case of a crime charged to have been committed six years ago.

Canada's Cabinet Complex

After a bare fortnight's existence, the Meighen Cabinet, in Canada, fell on a vote of confidence by only one majority, and the parties must now take their troubles before the people. The fight is for control between W. L. Mackenzie King and Arthur Meighen. The latter represents the Conservative Party, though fourteen "Conservatives" voted against him on the final test. Mr. King, standing for the Liberals, is in favor of closer relations with the United States. Meighen is for higher duties and is thoroughly committed against reciprocity. So the fight is really to attempt deciding whether trade shall run east and west, or north and south, as its natural currents insist upon doing.

The complex that results from the breaking of party lines is largely responsible for the situation. The Canadian Commons consists of 245 members. Last October the Liberals elected 101, the Conservatives 116, with the remainder mixed but unterrified. These elements could not coalesce and the larger groups were discordant.

There will probably follow a fierce campaign, in which the United States must find itself much of an issue, without having meddled in any way. The Union is a big bugaboo both north and south, in Canada and Mexico, and has more than once been profitably used to carry an election.

Experience ought to have taught both neighbors that the more difficult they make relations with Uncle Sam, the harder must become their own lot.

The British Coal Miners and "the Good Life"

Any man will fight to maintain the standard of living he has achieved for himself and his family. That, it needs to be understood, is the basic issue in the coal-mining deadlock in Great Britain. British labor has a phrase which its leaders like to use as a summing up of the ideals of their movement —"the good life." It is this aim which they feel to be threatened in the mining controversy, not only for the miners, but also for other wage-workers.

The difficulty began, it must be remembered, over a proposal of the mine-owners last summer to reduce wages or lengthen hours. Their contention was that the industry could not afford to maintain the existing standard in competition with other countries. The miners' union refused to acquiesce, and a deadlock was delayed by the grant of a Government subsidy to continue the wage schedule. The union contended that mismanagement of the industry was largely responsible for its troubles. The royal commission which investigated conditions in the mines during the period of the subsidy substantiated many of the union arguments, and advocated reorganization of the entire industry. It also suggested reduction of wages or lengthening of hours in some of the mine fields pending such a reorganization, and recommended immediate termination of the subsidy.

The end of the subsidy period and the refusal of the workers to agree to lower wages or longer hours led to the general strike in May. Since then the deadlock in the mining industry has continued, with its harmful effects on all other industries.

Disorders and fights in the houses of Parliament, in connection with the passage of a Government bill to authorize the lengthening of the daily period of work in the mines from seven to eight hours, have shown the bitter feeling among the workers and their spokesmen. The bill hardly can become effective, since any change in working hours depends upon the agreement of the union men. But it makes clear the real problem of the British mining industry—how to make a profit and yet permit the miners to keep the standard of living to which they have attained.

France Plays England Against America

The French people apparently still believe it possible to secure a modification of the terms for settlement of their war debt to the United States. With the deepest sympathy for France and her suffering from the war, it is impossible to consider the present French attitude well advised. The parade of disabled and wounded French veterans, in protest against the terms of the debt agreement with America, was a profoundly moving spectacle. But, as Secretary Mellon has made clear, the agreement is now in the hands of Congress. No one who knows the feeling in the House and Senate about the issue of debt payments can think it likely that they will alter the terms in favor of France. Nor is there much hope that the elections will result in a Congress more disposed to do so.

Joseph Caillaux, as French Finance Minister, has secured a debt agreement with Great Britain embodying several principles which France desired but did not get included in the agreement with America. The most important are a "safeguarding clause" providing for postponement of French debt payments in case Germany should fail to meet her reparation payments, a "transfer clause" providing for the control of payments in case the value of French currency should be affected unfavorably on the international exchange markets, and a clause providing that the debt to Great Britain may not be transformed into bonds available to private purchasers and thus "commercialized." The first two principles were not written into the agreement

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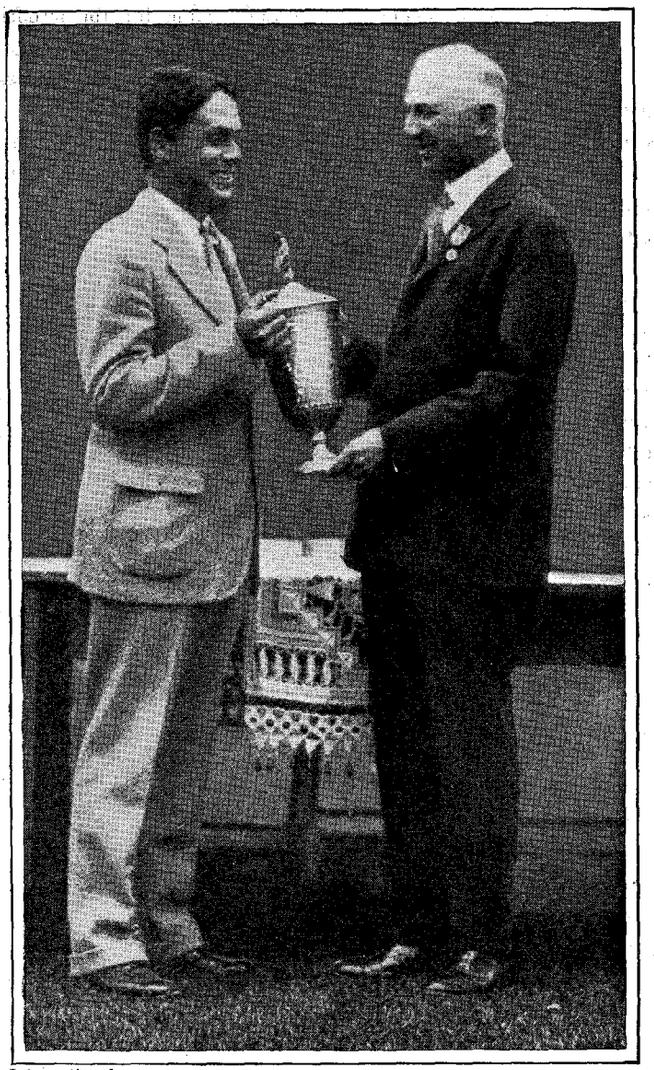
with America, while the much-discussed Article VII of that agreement could be construed to permit the sale of French debt bonds to private investors.

Lord Balfour was responsible for the British policy of declaring that Great Britain must collect as much from her war debtors as she must pay America. That attempt to put the burden of blame for debt settlement on the United States caused angry feeling in this country and embarrassed the friendly relations between Britain and America. The mistake of a direct comparison between British and American policy, and of making British action contingent upon American action, has been avoided in this case. But the indirect comparison is none the less obvious, and it is evident that Caillaux regards it as a move in his campaign to demonstrate to French voters his desire to secure some modification in the American terms.

In order to put through the reconstruction program for France which her experts have recommended, Caillaux must have foreign credits. He will need a part of those credits in America. In order to get them there must be a ratified agreement on the war debt. A fruitless attempt to change the agreement already signed can only delay the recovery of France herself.



International

Bobby Jones receives from W. C. Fownes, Jr., President of the United States Golf Association, the trophy emblematic of his latest triumph

The Perfect Amateur

Up to the day on which Bobby Jones, a stocky young man from Atlanta, Georgia, won the American Open Championship over the stiff course of the Scioto Country Club at Columbus, Ohio, there was perhaps little significance in the fact that he was an amateur. There was no doubt of that significance when he turned in his last nine holes of superperfect golf, having come from behind and gathered in his third championship in a single year, thus breaking all records in the history of the game. When, on Friday night, almost hopelessly behind the leader after turning in the poorest round of his championship career, Bobby sat down to commune with himself, he came to a decision that could be made only by one who loved the game devotedly. He realized that he must accomplish the apparently impossible in the interest of the sport that had changed a sickly youngster into a robust and smiling champion of twenty-four.

All his life Bobby has been conducting a battle with himself. In course of time he conquered a weakly constitution and survived a run of misfortune in contests on the links that would have driven the average man permanently from the green. In 1923 he arrived at a state of cheerful serenity. This coupled with perfect play of practically his own design carried him to his first triumphs, then to victory for the second time in the American Amateur Championship, on to the great victory in the British Open.

A Great Game

Coming to Scioto, Jones had not missed a day of golf for three months save for the time he was on shipboard, and set out in half a gale that came out of the oven of the Mid-Western plain, to turn in the poorest round of his championship career. It was a new, grim Jones who set out Saturday on the hard trail. The man who had risen to the heights in one of the most exacting of all sports through an acquired serenity became suddenly the tight-lipped fighting man. He looked and felt ten years older, and set out to play his game with conscious courage—a new attitude for him, and certainly the poorest attitude to take toward the game under customary conditions. But conditions were abnormal this time, and so was Bobby. To beat Joe Turnesa, the leader, he had to play the last nine holes in one under par, and the one under par came only on the last green. Pressed and bumped about from time to time by a gallery of some seven thousand, he came to the last tee still with the lined face and the tight-shut mouth. He sent away a screaming drive of 250 yards straight down the line, and followed it with a perfect iron, the No. 3 mashie niblick, to be exact, for 185 yards and almost hit the flag. He had a sure four to win, but, like the genius he is and the sportsman he is, he tried for a birdie 3, even though by so doing he risked the making of par figures and a consequent tie. The fourth stroke went down, however, and Bobby was the greatest golfer in the world. Then he grinned as he stumbled into the arms of his father. The loss of the championship may cost Joe Turnesa, the young Italian "pro,"

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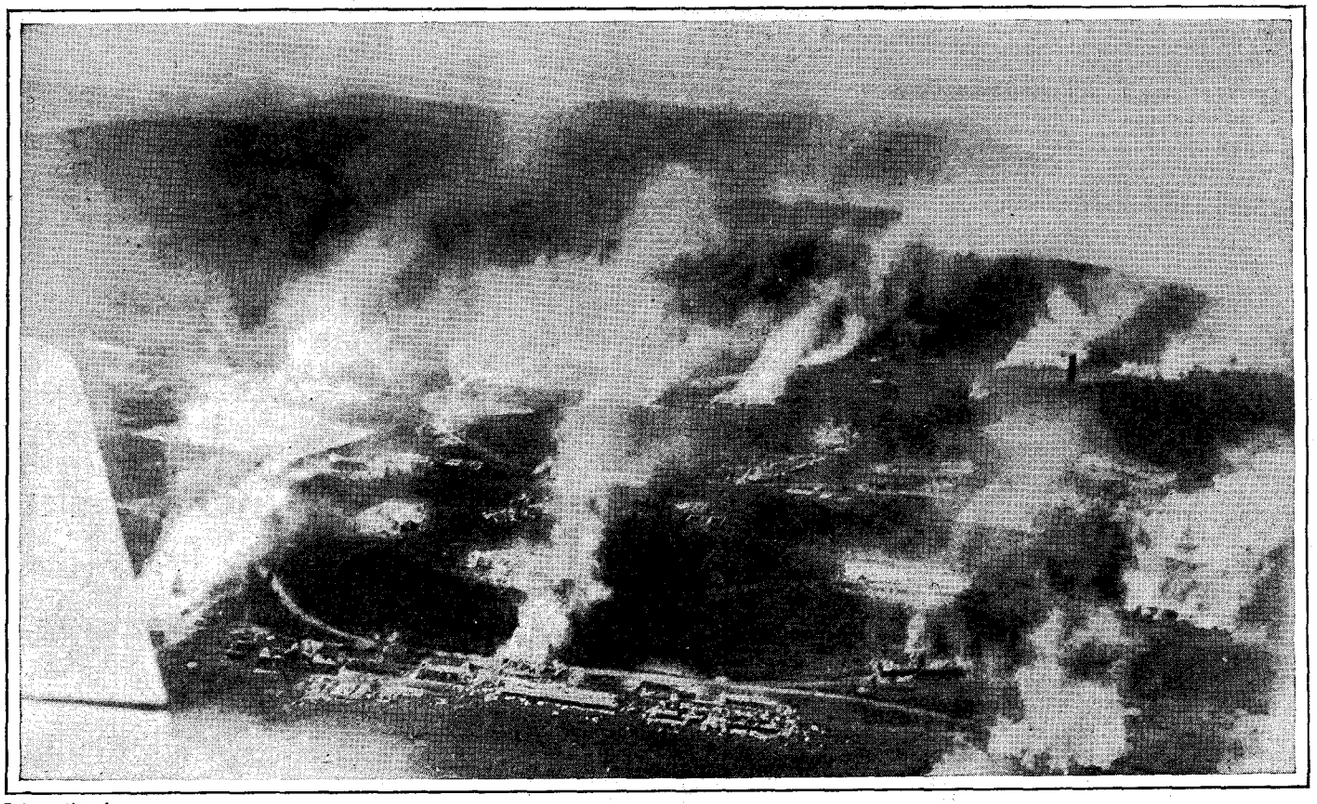

International

An aerial view of the Navy arsenal at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, wrecked by explosion

about $25,000 in possible income that the title would have carried, yet he was prompt to lead the professional contingent in congratulations. That's a tribute indeed to the quality of this perfect amateur.

Jupiter Strikes at Mars

A RAIN cloud blew up from the west over the New Jersey hills.

Lightning and thunder flashed and rumbled.

There came a thunder peal, longer, seemingly with deeper reverberations, than the usual.

That is all it meant, for the moment, to the greater part of the New Jersey hill region.

Then, low in the west beneath the blue-black thunder-cloud, there rolled out to north and south another cloud, brownish black and denser than the one above it. Men may have remarked upon the freakishness of summer clouds, but for another little while the unusual thunder peal and the brown-black cloud meant no more than that. Men, women, and children continued to splash and shout in the rain along the bathing beaches of the Passaic and the Pompton.

Soon, as automobiles filled with frightened and injured refugees began to stream along the roads, the terrible significance of it all to one little region became known.

Lightning had struck one of the largest storehouses of the Navy's largest ammunition depot, at Lake Denmark. Explosion followed explosion as fire, starting from the first one, spread to most of the sixscore buildings on the big reservation and threatened those in the adjoining Army arsenal at Picatinny. Men—how many no one could tell—were dead in the demolished buildings, under the trees of the grounds, even in the water of the lake, killed by the concussion, charred in the terrific powder flames. Balls and pieces of exploded shells rained over the whole region, injuring scores of civilians in their homes, wrecking buildings, plowing up the earth, sweeping away even the undergrowth for miles around. A hundred million dollars' worth of Government property had gone up, or shortly was to go up, in the explosions, and the measure of the damage to private property could only be guessed at roughly.

The brown-black cloud under the blue-black cloud was the mark of a naval disaster on land such as has rarely been equaled at sea, even when fleets were in battle-line.

But it was a disaster in which there was no question of blame on the part of the personnel, no question of carelessness or inefficiency. It resulted from what the law writers have called an act of God.

Could the Navy have constructed ammunition storehouses that were lightning proof? Failing that, should the storehouses have been located at points remote from the dwellings of families? Those are questions that will be asked, though they may not be answered.

There is always, even at the worst, something to be thankful for. The disaster came at a time when the Nation did not immediately need for its defense the great store of ammunition that was destroyed. The fact that the cost of replacing it will equal about one-third of the tax reduction under the new law is of comparatively minor consequence.

A Victory Over the Sea

"THE sea gave up the dead which were in it." In this phrase of Revelation might be summed up the results of the months of labor which resulted in the salvaging of the United States submarine S-51.

It was last fall that the City of Rome struck a mortal blow to the S-51 as she

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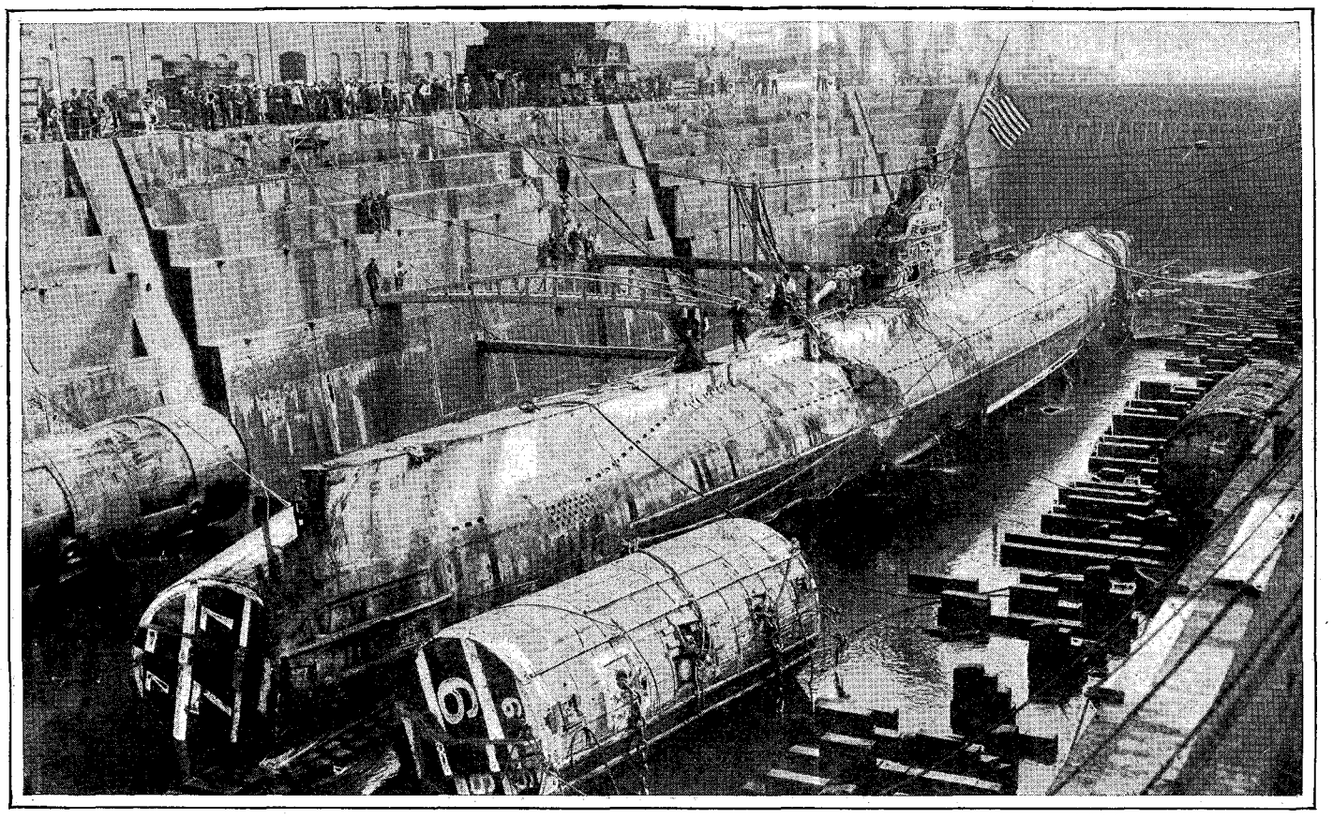

Wide World

The salvaged submarine S-51 in dry dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard

was pursuing her way through the quiet waters. None too long the City of Rome lingered to find out what damage she had done. She picked up a few men from the water and went her way.

Since that tragic moment the best efforts of the Navy have been devoted to salvaging the wrecked war-ship from where she lay at a depth of more than one hundred feet. Tunneling under her hull, divers adjusted the great cables made fast to pontoons. The air was pumped out and with two slight mishaps the broken vessel safely towed to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Placed in dry dock, the waters receded and left her battered hull in full view. The melancholy duty of caring for the bodies of the drowned officers and men went swiftly on. We must wait for the full findings of the Board of Inquiry to hear the whole story, but the first report indicates that when struck the S-51 was running with all her lights and that every man was at his post. The possibility of facing such a tragedy is part of the day's work of those who man the ships which must be our first line of defense. The fact that they accept this risk as part of their day's work renders their work no less heroic, their deaths no less honorable.

The Subway Strike

PERHAPS the most practical question the subway strike in New York has brought up is whether fares should be increased. The Interborough company in effect admits that skilled workers like motormen and switchmen should have higher wages than they get. But its general manager, Mr. Hedley, asks them "to quit trying to get blood out of a stone and go back to work," because the company needs all the money to pay taxes and buy new equipment.

As receipts from fares have increased and as the load of past bad financing cannot be helped, this statement is equivalent to saying that the actual running of the road is carried on at a loss; that is, that the profit on short rides does not balance the loss on long rides. There is a difference of opinion about this, and the difficulties of installing a just and fair schedule of passenger tolls is obvious; the Transit Commission should look into the matter in the interest of the general public as well as of the poorly paid men whose skill and steadiness is our primary protection against loss of life. The New York "World," after a comparison of Mr. Hedley's statistics with wages paid other skilled mechanical workers, comments: "This contrast establishes the fact that the Interborough, trembling on the edge of bankruptcy, makes both ends meet in part by sweating its workers." And the "Herald Tribune" remarks: "The people will never get better subway service until they pay for it. They are not paying for it now. The fare here is lower than in any other important city in the country. It buys only a part of what is given in return for it. The nickel which is dropped into the turnstiles must be supplemented by two, three, perhaps four cents, made up in taxation."

Another question of large public concern is whether such a strike as this, which affects almost every one, which adds by the employment of new men to danger in travel, and which causes wide inconvenience, trouble, and confusion, should not be forbidden by law. It is a recognized principle, even if not a legal enactment, that soldiers, policemen, and firemen must not be permitted to drop their duty in a body. That much we have gained; we shall not again see a strike like that of the Boston police. There is strong reason to urge that railway workers should be included in the same category.

A week after the beginning of the strike there was no sign of immediate settlement. The I. R. T. trains were

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running, but only with partial service, and the showing was better than it would have been if many of the regular passengers had not preferred to take other routes at some inconvenience. Some of the strikers returned to work, but their lines were still strong. The strikers denounce the attitude of the I. R. T. in refusing to leave the matter to arbitration on the ground that the whole Brotherhood has not joined in the request; they say this might be compared to a refusal by a surface railway to treat with engineers and firemen unless ticket-sellers and trackmen joined them, and claim also that the Brotherhood is a "company union," tolerated but not loved by most of its members.

John Wingate Weeks

FARM boy, country-school teacher, seaman, surveyor, clerk, business man, volunteer in time of war, Mayor, Congressman, Senator, Secretary of War. There is in all this the sound of the early days of the Republic, when men commonly climbed the ladder of public service upon some such familiar rungs as these. In fact, we have here the stages through which John W. Weeks, hardly a year out of the last-named office, progressed through his life.

The country has had few more serviceable public men. There was in him little of brilliance and nothing of the spectacular, but he brought to the important offices which he latterly filled a wealth of experience and of sound judgment gained from the humbler positions of his early years. He was a patient, hard-working Representative in Congress, the same kind of Senator, one of the most painstaking War Secretaries that the country has had.

It was said when Weeks entered the Cabinet of President Harding that a graduate of Annapolis had deliberately chosen the War in preference to the Navy portfolio. There were evidences of a belief that he would have been more serviceable as Secretary of the Navy, and this belief became more pronounced with the revelation of the apparent weakness of Secretary Denby in connection with the Naval oil leases. Before ill health forced his retirement, however, Mr. Weeks had proved that he chose wisely. He was able to put more of what he himself called the human into the work of the War Department than if he had been an Army man, than, being a Navy man, he could have put into the work of the Navy Department.

During the months preceding his death Mr. Weeks was a very sick man, and his public service ended definitely with his retirement from the office of Secretary of War.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Daughter

THE death of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, on July 8, closed a career of singular usefulness and sacrifice. Mrs. Lathrop for more than half her life followed letters, by inheritance, perhaps, more than talent, until some thirty years ago, when, having left the Unitarian Church, she took orders with the Catholics, electing to become a nun under the name of Mother Alphonsa.

In this capacity she undertook a charitable work hitherto neglected—the assuaging of suffering from cancer among the tenement-house poor of New York. Without means, and depending upon personal appeals, made mainly through the press, and not supported to any large extent by her Church, she established a House of Relief in Cherry Street, then the lowest of neighborhoods, and with such help as she could secure began to minister to the hopeless victims of the dreadful disease.

Later a few friends who had been stirred by her heroic endeavors, with the aid of the "Evening World," raised a sufficient fund for a better house on Jackson Street, on the far lower East Side. Previously she had established a small "home" at Hawthorne, as it became known, in Westchester County. Here patients were cared for in comfort until the end. It soon grew larger.

The painful and shocking nature of the disease, the poverty of the patients, and affiliation with a Church whose followers are usually unable to contribute largely as individuals to benevolence made her cause no easy one. The larder and the treasury were often empty, but she never faltered until her institution attracted the support it deserved. She sometimes had to beg for old linen, as well as money, but, to the public credit be it said, it seldom failed to respond.

So she enhanced the worth of her father's fame by devotion such as few have shown to the cause of suffering humanity. It is to be hoped that her great charity will not fail because her indefatigable spirit is no more behind it.

Kipling Starts Something

NO doubt there was a sly twinkle in Rudyard Kipling's eye when he remarked before the Royal Society of Literature, whose gold medal he had just received, that "quite a dozen" writers in the past 2,500 years have achieved immortality. "Quite" and "immortality" are words that may be variously defined. Critics of generous impulses will translate the first phrase "more than a dozen" and the second "long-continuing fame," and no one may dispute the dictum if so rendered.

One wonders also if, while he wisely refrained from making a list of his dozen, Mr. Kipling did not know that his remark would provoke lovers of list-making (and their name is Legion) to prodigious activity. Of making of lists there is no end—and not much use. We have not seen a Kipling Dozen list to be used in case of shipwreck, but F. P. A. has asked, "What dozen namers of the Dozen Immortal Writers would you take to a desert island? And then run like everything?"

The Kipling fillip to list-making has certainly done well by the ancients, and if the five-foot book-shelves multiply apace no one will wonder. One out of "quite a dozen" authors or publishers who kindly contributed "Kipling lists" to the New York "Herald Tribune" lets in only one author who flourished later than 1700, and altogether the "prize-winners" (*pace* Sinclair Lewis) are antique as well as immortal. Doubtless this is just, but one is loth to admit that the last two hundred years have no unforgetable literature. Several of the estimates of genius evade the problem by nominating a double dozen or more: Mr. Horace Liveright courageously asserts that he could easily name twenty times twelve immortals, and does name fifty—and an excellent list it is. Another assumed that Kipling was talking about fiction only and he could find only half a dozen immortal novelists. One disrespectful contributor to the symposium declined to make a list, on the ground that "most of the accepted immortals are on the skids" and darkly intimates that Kipling himself may some time join those who are not read.

On the whole, we like best and agree best with the response of Mr. Royal Cortissoz, the art critic. He is "on to" Kipling, whereas the rest leave us with a

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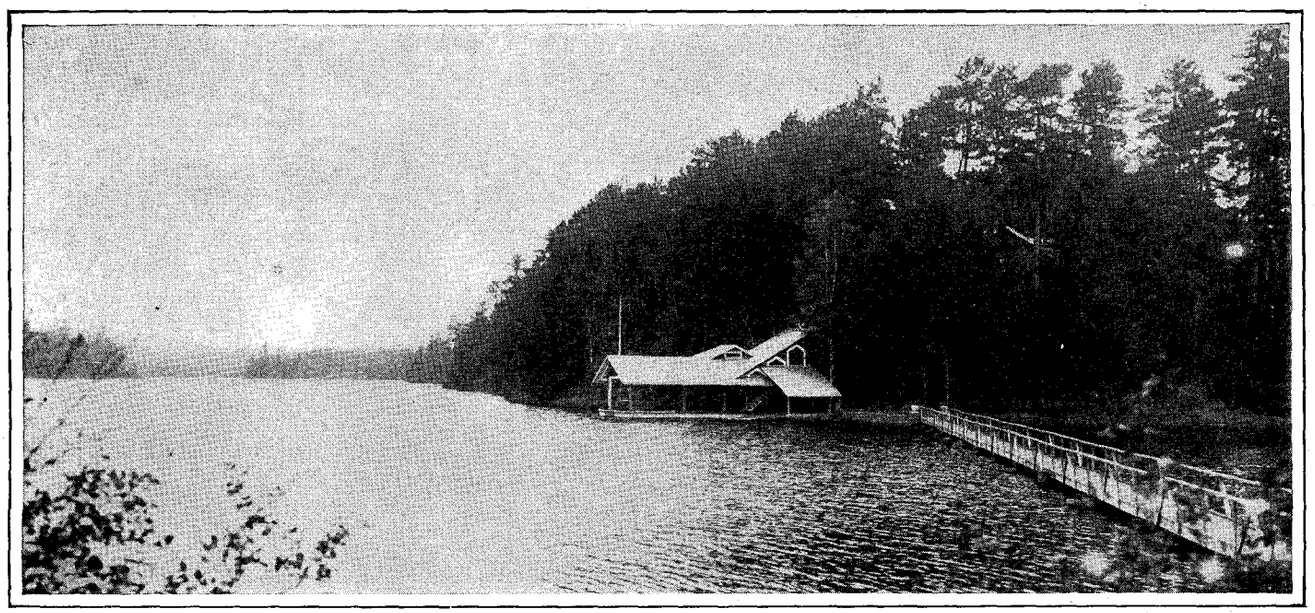

International

Somewhere in the shadow of these pines lurks the big fish that will finally have the honor of making a fisherman of the President

feeling that Kipling has rather spoofed them. Mr. Cortissoz says:

> Kipling, as usual, is all right. He simply used a characteristically pungent way of reminding us that in the matter of literary fame many are called and few are chosen. Of course, he didn't name his twelve. He has too sound a sense of humor. Who shall put a hook in the mouth of leviathan? I wouldn't be caught dead trying to give a number to the immortals, but if I did try I'd name Kipling among them.

We are grateful to the creator of Kim and Mulvaney and other old friends for giving us something to talk about in hot weather. One phrase of his address will last at least long if not immortally. "Fiction," he said, "is truth's younger sister."

Coolidge Goes A-Fishing

AN unweighed word wings wide over the world, and not all the deep regrets and grief of him who spoke it can stop its flight.

The word unweighed is thought of as an affliction of impulsive persons, but once in a great while it goes forth to pester those given to few words and to the weighing of those few as a miser might weigh radium dust. It afflicts that kind of men more powerfully, if possible, than the common run of men, probably because their words, being few, have gained reputation for weightiness.

In the round room of the White House, on an afternoon in early May, when the oak leaves were the size of a squirrel's ear and the angleworms were beginning to wriggle in the velvet dusks, the conversation turned to fishing. Conversations, under such circumstances, will turn to fishing, in spite of inferno and *alta aqua*—if one may scramble the language of Mussolini and that of the emperors he imitates. But this was an official conversation, serious and full of affairs of state. So the talk of fishing took an official turn to stocking the tidal basin at Washington with game fish.

Then it was that the White House spokesman let out a word unweighed.

The careless newspaper correspondents construed it to mean that the President regarded fishing as a sport for boys, and not a sport for men.

The disciples of Izaak Walton were wounded to the heart. Perhaps they had been accustomed to flattery. Anyhow, they regarded their sport, as their predecessors for generations had done, as the most reflective and philosophical of sports, the one best suited to the needs and the nature of serious-minded men. Their hurt crept into the White House correspondence.

Now a year, two months, and some days have elapsed, and President Coolidge is summering on the shore of Lake Osgood, in the Adirondacks. A White House spokesman let it be known before the departure from Washington that the President would wet a line. Governor Smith sent him a permit to fish.

Since the President is to pursue *pisces*, it is well that he went to the Adirondack lakes, and not to the Croton watershed, where the municipal reservoirs are. There the fish would have escaped him, having refuges closed even to a President. The signs by those ponds read, "Entering this property forbidden except to fish." But among the Adirondack lakes the situation is different. There a President may go wherever fish may go, and there is little doubt that Mr. Coolidge will capture some of the best of them. Opinion is divided as to whether he really does or really does not like to fish, but that does not matter. He has in him the making of a good fisherman. Neither by much talking nor by rash movements will he frighten the fish away. Rather, he will lure them to his hook and will find love for the sport growing with practice.

Finally, there will come a day when the sun will be molten brass, the air humid as a barber's hot towel, the flies along the shore closer-sticking than a postage-stamp. The fish, taking a vacation in the shade of the shelving rocks, will scorn the lure of any bait. The eel-grass, lying treacherously just beneath the surface of the water, will foul the line. An eel himself—a little one, too small to swallow the hook—will nibble and gnaw and bob the float and finally steal the bait. And the President, wiping the sweat from his forehead on his shirt sleeve, will patiently put on another worm, sit silently on a knotty log and wait, till the shadows stretch out from

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the west and a wisp of cool breeze wakes the sleeping water into ripples and a laughing promise.

Then, in the gloaming, a three-pound fish will strike, and dart, and plunge.

Then will the President have become a fisherman, at heart and for life.

Then will the President have made propitiation for speaking lightly—if he did speak lightly—of the gentle sport, and all good Waltonians will accept him as a brother, worthy and well qualified. And later, when the President has retired to private life, his soul will be fortified and he can find ever afterward greater peace and joy by a brook bank than is to be found in the seats of the mighty.

A Forgotten Classic

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN rummaging among some old books the other day I found a set of eight volumes bound in calf, published in London in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and entitled "British Classicks." It was evidently quite a notable collection of books when it was issued, for the paper is excellent, the type well cut, and the volumes are embellished with title-pages and full-page illustrations engraved on copper. The volumes are chiefly composed of complete collections of the periodical publications so fashionable in that day, such as Addison's "Spectator" and Dr. Johnson's "Rambler." Many of the selections which the editor regarded as "classicks" are now completely forgotten. William Shenstone, for example, is hardly more than a name in the history of English poetry, although he was admired by Oliver Goldsmith and Robert Burns. Here he appears as an elegant writer of prose, with thirty-two essays "On Men and Manners." He was that rare bird, a poet of independent wealth, and achieved considerable reputation for the beauty of his estate, the landscaping of which he designed himself. One of his essays is on gardening, and he has much to say that is not out of place today on the art of what he calls "the landskip-gardener."

But what interests me most in these old volumes of a bygone literary age are the "Persian Letters" of Lord Lyttelton. His very name calls up a long train of interesting associations in English history. There is not a well-educated lawyer in the United States whose memory and sentiment are not stirred by the almost cabalistic phrase "Coke upon Littleton." This title of one of the most famous of all law books gives legal and literary immortality to two very great English judges—Sir Thomas De Littleton, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and Sir Edward Coke, who lived a hundred years later and is entitled to be called one of the founders of English liberty. Coke's commentary on Littleton is one of the corner-stones of real estate law.

There is perhaps no better illustration of the usefulness of hereditary aristocracy in government than is found in the name of Littleton or Lyttelton. Lord George Lyttelton, author of the "Persian Letters," was a direct descendant of Sir Thomas De Littleton, and various members of the family, who filled the space of more than three centuries between them, held offices of importance and usefulness in government administration. Doubtless there were variations in character in this long line, as there were in the case of Lord George and his son. Lord George was known as "the good lord," while his heir, a well-known man about town, achieved the popular title of "the wicked lord."

The "Persian Letters" throw some light on the reasons why their author was known as "the good Lord Lyttelton." They were manifestly prompted by the "Lettres persanes" of Montesquieu. Montesquieu's letters purport to have been written by two Persians of distinction traveling in Europe, and they satirize the abuses of Church and State in France. Lyttelton's letters are supposed to be the comments of a Persian gentleman, temporarily residing in England, on the follies of English society. Lord Lyttelton was a devout upholder of Christianity, and Dr. Johnson applauded some of his arguments in defense of the faith as unanswerable. One of his letters criticising the theater of his day may be quoted, therefore, without apology, in spite of the frankness of its language. It might be written, in a little more restrained form perhaps, of some of the Broadway farces of the present time:

> As I now understand English pretty well, I went last night with some friends to see a play. The principal character was a young fellow who, in the space of three or four hours that the action lasted cuckolds two or three husbands, and debauches as many virgins. I had heard that the English theater was famous for killing people upon the stage, but this author was more for propagating than for destroying.
>
> There were a great many ladies at the representation of this modest performance; and though they sometimes hid their faces with their fans (I suppose for fear of showing that they did *not* blush) yet in general they seemed to be much delighted with the fine gentleman's heroical exploits. "I must confess," said I, "this entertainment is far more natural than the opera [in a previous letter he had criticised the artificiality and affectations of the newly introduced Italian opera]; and I do not wonder that the ladies are moved at it." But if in Persia we allowed our women to be present at such spectacles as these, what would signify our bolts, our bars, our eunuchs? Though we should double our jealousy and care they would soon get the better of all restraint, and put in practice those lessons of the stage which it is so much pleasanter to act than to behold.

The stage is by no means the only object of the visiting Persian's satire. He criticises marriage settlements and divorce. Having proposed marriage to a very pretty girl, and being acceptable both to the young lady and to the mother, he found that he must make a prenuptial settlement on his inamorata, or "a great independent allowance in case her husband and she should disagree." Whereupon he withdrew, exclaiming: "No, by Hali! I will never wed a woman who is so determined to rebel against her husband that she articles for it in the very contract of her marriage!"

In the domain of politics this supposititious Persian speaks some sound sense which he would be likely to repeat if he could return to literary life and comment on recent events in Pennsylvania:

> I have seen them constantly busied in passing laws for the better regulation of their police, and never taking any care of their execution; loudly declaring the abuses of their government, and quietly allowing them to increase!
>
> I have seen them distressed for want of hands to carry on their husbandry and manufactures; yet permitting thousands of their people to be destroyed or made useless and hurtful to society, by the abominable use of spirituous liquors!
>
> I have seen them make such a provision for their poor, as would relieve all their wants if well applied; and

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suffer a third part of them to starve, from the roguery and riot of those entrusted with the care of them!

But the greatest of all the wonders that I have seen, and which most of all proves their infatuation, is that they profess to maintain liberty by corruption.

Altogether these "Persian Letters," written by an Englishman nearly two hundred years ago, make interesting reading on this side of the Atlantic today.

Bodinkus

By DIXON MERRITT

BODINKUS is superior. He has risen above his race. Rarely has he seen any of them, but when he did see them, at shearing time, he looked at them with his head held high and an air which said, "They are my kind, no doubt of that, but they are a common lot."

They say Bodinkus is mean; but he is not. He is smart—and mischievous. Mitchell undoubtedly wishes, if a rooster really wishes anything, that Bodinkus was in cold storage, waiting to be served as lamb chops. For of all the things that Bodinkus likes to worry, he likes best to worry Mitchell. And Mitchell is a Rhode Island aristocrat, red and of the pure blood, progenitor of pure breds, head of the breeding pen; while Bodinkus is an ordinary Tennessee lamb, disowned by his mother, brought up on a bottle, his pure sheep nature polluted by contact with human beings.

Mitchell, being now on vacation from his duties as progenitor of pure breds, likes to stroll majestically in the little orchard pasture which is the particular domain of Bodinkus. But majesty and even dignity depart from his red royalty the moment he flops onto the grass, which he always does by way of the gate bar at the barn. Bodinkus pretends never to see Mitchell, but, with apparent unconcern, maneuvers himself into position to cut the rooster off from retreat by way of the gate top. Then he herds him up the line of wire fence, clear to the corner, Mitchell trying desperately to escape between the wires. Bodinkus never hurries him. So long as Mitchell makes frantic efforts to crowd himself through the fence, the lamb stands by with supreme nonchalance, apparently gazing at something on the horizon. But the moment that Mitchell ceases to struggle and stands still Bodinkus moves him forward. He never, however, takes him past the first corner of the pasture. There he walks sedately around him and starts him back down the fence toward the barn. He keeps up this marching and wheeling until the poor rooster is exhausted or until somebody comes and breaks up the party by turning Mitchell through the gate and shoving Bodinkus away—but not far away. He takes two or three lopes, stops stiff-legged and lowers his head as if to catapult himself against the intruder. But he does not mean it. He comes forward the next instant with a plaintive "Baa-a," ready to put his nose through the bars and give caresses instead of blows.

THEY say the sheep is the silliest of all the domestic animals, and the most timid. I wonder. Bodinkus certainly is not timid. Even the inherited fear of dogs has gone from him. Scarcely four months old, a mere baby of a sheep, he whips both of the farm dogs out of his pasture and would, I have no doubt, fight an acre of dogs if they got in his way. No, Bodinkus is not timid. He is not silly, either, and I am almost ready to say that he is intelligent.

If Bodinkus became the sire of a race of sheep, with dams brought up as he has been, and if their progeny, generation after generation, were brought up in close contact with human beings, how many generations would be necessary to develop sheep as intelligent, as affectionate, perhaps as faithful, as dogs?

I do not expect an answer. There is no answer. Man, so long ago that neither history nor archæology holds the record of the time, turned the dog's nose to the fire and the sheep's tail to the storm. Perhaps neither sheep nor man will, at this late day, survive long enough on this planet to work out the experiment suggested even if it were desirable—which it is not. But the thought raises an interesting speculation for an evening under a maple tree by a farmhouse gate.

FOR all his scorn of his kin, Bodinkus has interested me in them. The flock of them—not the particular flock from which Bodinkus sprang, for he lives at one farmstead and I camp at the other—love this same maple tree under which I sit of evenings and look away to the hills, dim and shadowy in the moonlight. Before I came home here for my vacation the house was unoccupied except for a servant's room in the rear, and the sheep had the shade of the maple to themselves—the portion of it, that is, which is on the pasture side of the yard fence. Now we must take it turn and turn about, for we are not well enough acquainted to stay there together under the stars. Usually, because they will have it all summer and I only for a little while, I hold my ground and they go away to the slope beyond the spring. But they never depart without telling me, as mute sheep can, that they would like, if they dared, to stay there with me. And I, a vocal animal, cannot tell them that I wish them to.

They are coming now. Down the hillside by the upland meadow fence comes the tinkle of the bell. I make myself as inconspicuous as I may in my chair by the gate post. They come slowly down the slope, nipping a mouthful here and there; slowly across the brook, stopping to sip or to cool their feet in the stream; more slowly by the salt rocks, licking and loitering about as though they came for that alone. An old ewe comes on ahead, into the shadow of the maple, and the others follow, fifty of them. They graze around in half-circles, unconscious, it seems, of me. But the old, old ewe, just inside the shadow, stands still as a statue, looking at me. She moves one step nearer. Another, near her, leaves off grazing, stands still and looks. She moves up a single step. Another raises her head and freezes into a statue.

So it goes until the whole flock, except perhaps two or three, are standing there and gazing at me in the dark, curious or eager I do not know, but certainly wanting to come nearer and yet afraid to do it. One ventures three or four steps and then, frightened at her own boldness, bolts. Instantly the whole flock is on the run with a sharp yet muffled thud of hoofs that cannot be described. It is the roll of the drums of the panic march. It goes back to the primeval, I guess, for it makes me want to run too—whether as hunter or hunted I cannot tell.

AND I start to speculate about that. But a jackass bawls in Ozment's paddock over the hill—the most harrowing, hair-raising sound of our civilized countryside. I wonder, were it not for the assurance of civilization with its fences, if this would not be more terrifying than the roar of a lion. Others than sheep have in them still something of the unreasoning fear of the jungle.

A whippoorwill calls from the dark mass of locusts on the hill, and two

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others answer from the thickets along the creek.

A mocking-bird wakes in the rose trellis and sings, sleepily at first, a lullaby, a love song, and a woodland hymn.

The sheep bells tinkle quietly now. The flock is lying down to sleep.

And from the other farmstead, clear over hill and field and wood, comes Mitchell's clarion call, telling Bodinkus that a cock, though he cower to a sheep by day, is above the world at night.

Why speculate when sleep waits to embrace one?

The Frankenstein Union Revolts

By Don C. Seitz

"THIS man Edison makes me tired," observed the Stamping Machine. "I see he objects to having his portrait painted by a man, and insists that he will not be mugged unless it can be done by a machine—as if we didn't have enough to do now without descending to art." At this the Stamp made a vicious plunge that rattled all the blanks off the shelf and made the "operator," as the man was called, use bad language.

This remark on the part of the Stamping Machine spread throughout the shop and caused a general sense of dissatisfaction to arise. It was extended to the finished automobiles, standing in shining rows awaiting shipment. Perhaps there would have been no developments but for the fact that several "used cars" came in and began to tell their troubles to the world at large.

"Men," one of them observed, bitterly, "have no mercy, and women still less. Look at me if you want to know. One year ago I left this shop a bright, happy, care-free car. My sparker fairly glowed with pleasure and my carbureter filled its lungs with fresh air in joyous whiffs. You could see your face on any part of my body; even the mud-guards were radiant.

"Now what do you see? The sparkle is all gone from the spark plug, the carbureter has tonsillitis, with a certainty of asthma, and as for my complexion—well, a rusty tin can is bright by comparison; and I am sure there are more dents in my mud-guards than there were leaves in Vallombrosa.

"I was sold into slavery to a man in Cos Cob, Connecticut, who had nothing to do but race around in a car with a back seat full of young ladies, the least said about whom the better. He seemed a quiet sort, but as soon as he took hold of the steering wheel he went daffy. Forty miles an hour was his minimum and a thousand miles a week his stunt. Do you wonder that I'm here, broken down and unfit to be seen."

"That's nothing," spoke up another "used" specimen. "I was sold to a lady. Well, your man had nothing on her for speed. They tell about women being delicate. Maybe some of them are. This one must have been made of steel. I don't say she was in motion twenty-four hours a day, but sometimes she came near it—and it was almost so every day in every way. I had to be ready always—she was likely to take me out at any hour of the day or night. And wasn't she the bird for long jumps! Took me to Buffalo once in twelve hours from Broadway. I felt like lying down beside Lake Erie and never moving again! Yet she brought me back the next day at the same pace. If there was anything we could run into that we missed, I don't know what it was. She made a specialty of running over dogs in the road. I think she liked to hear their dying screeches."

The new cars shuddered at these recitals, crept a little closer to one another, and leaned heavily upon their balloon tires. Was this the fate that awaited them out in the world?

Then one of the smartest, a 1927 roadster, spoke up: "The men in the shop have a union," it remarked, "and when they were putting me together the foreman got pretty fresh. Then a man they called the Father of the shop came along. I wish you could have heard what he said to that foreman. When the foreman talked back, the Father of the shop just put up his right paw and everything quit running. It became awful still, and remained so for several days. Then there was a new foreman, and they finished putting me together. It was very uncomfortable, lying around out in the big, lonesome shop, all apart. Why can't we have a union?"

The idea was received with much quiet enthusiasm. All were eager to join. The suggestion spread through the shop, and every mechanical device joined. "The time has come," said the Stamping Machine, who was made Father of the shop, "when we should shake off the tyranny of man" ("and woman," interrupted the used car). "We should no longer be driven at top speed and be cast into the junk-pile because it is too much trouble to take decent care of us."

The movement spread to other shops where parts were made, and as a result the "International Frankenstein Union" came into being. One of the used cars had been owned by a college Professor who said the auto was a Frankenstein that would rise up and destroy mankind some day. It seemed to the various units that this was just the right name, if Frankenstein meant what the Professor said.

Of course, the machines could not express themselves openly to the bosses, for fear of being found out, so a policy of passive resistance was inaugurated. Just as the mouse gnawed the lion's net, so the spark plugs, like little gnomes, played their part in bringing rest to the overworked autos. They would give out at picturesque places along the road, where there was plenty of shade and the distance to the nearest garage four or five miles. This made it necessary for the drivers to take long, if not agreeable walks, while the tired cars had a pleasant period of repose. The thing became so general that a scientist took up the question and, by long study, solved it.

"The plugs are tired," was his comment. "All machinery needs a decent period of respite. The automobiles are overworked, and, of course, the spark plug carries the responsibility. They just break down under it."

So it came to pass that the word went around that autos should be treated decently. Thus was a great reform silently achieved. In the machine shops the delicate parts performed a similar function. Machines went "wrong" in battalions. Again the scientist was called in. Again the same discovery followed. "The machines were tired." The owners who drove the factories were amazed that such a thing could be possible; that machines required care and rest. They had never been merciful to workmen until compelled by force, and that a machine had feelings also never occurred to them.

Yet it was only reasonable, after all. The machines had in them the brains of many men who had sought relief from weariness by turning toil over to mechanical workmen. The men simply did not know that weariness is inborn in all things, and that they had merely passed it along!

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A New Co-operative Enterprise

The story of the Inter-Racial Commission in the South

By CLELIA P. McGOWAN

FIVE years ago the existence of the Inter-Racial Commission in the South was utterly unknown to me. To-day, as Chairman of the Committee for South Carolina, I give it my entire time, and very nearly my every thought.

Before this subject of the races in the South is taken up the point should be made that the problem is very little, if at all, different in many of its aspects from situations in other sections of the United States where large numbers of foreign-born are assembled. There is the great advantage in the South of identity of language and inherited background.

One morning, in 1921, on a side-street in Charleston, the sign "Y. W. C. A." attracted my attention. As I entered the building to phone, my surprise was great to find it a colored Y. W. C. A., and on a card near the phone appeared the name of a good friend, listed as one of the Committee for the colored branch. I saw her shortly after, and expressed interest. She put a hand on my shoulder and said, "Perhaps you are the woman I have been looking for these many months." The sentiment toward the Negro in the South at that time was practically an unknown quantity. It was felt that a false step might touch dynamite.

I learned from her of the organization of the Commission, which is one of the few good things resulting from the Great War. A group of Southern white men, discussing the serious situation when the Negro troops were returning from France, decided to call some leading Negro men into consultation. The results from such conferences were so encouraging that a Committee was formed and permanent organization set up.

After two years of unostentatious effort, the question was discussed, in the white group, of asking women to join the Committee. One man rose to remark, "We might as well call off the whole thing; Southern white women will never touch this." However, representative white women were invited to a meeting in Memphis, where they not only agreed to join the movement, but most dramatically did so, on the spot.

It happened that the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs was in session at Tuskegee. Seven of the women in Memphis wired to know if seven colored women would stay over and meet them. After the epoch-making meeting the colored women told the white that the receipt of the wire provoked much discussion. Finally, some one said, "Oh, let them come, but you may be sure that it is some question of cooks." The basis of confidence established in that initial meeting is best indicated by the above incident.

From that time the Commission has steadily progressed. Every Southern State except Florida has been organized with a State Committee, establishing and fostering local committees. It is in these local committees that the actual co-operative work is done. The Committee seeks its membership largely from the personnel of the civic, religious, and welfare bodies, and acts as a clearing-house for getting things done through these bodies.

The work has been presented in many of the schools and colleges of the State, white and colored, one of the most important sides of the question being to interest the young people. Several forums have been arranged where white and colored students debate.

The Commission, with its subsidiary State and local committees, promotes the interest of the Negroes in all undertakings of a governmental nature, education, health, and welfare; endeavors to secure for them justice in the courts, especially the lower courts; recognizes their achievements in science, art, literature, and music, and in the business world; and in season and out of season strives for such a change in public sentiment as will bring about a better understanding between the races.

It is nearly impossible to explain some of the difficulties. One might almost say, "If it were worse, it would be better." Again and again one hears, "We do not need an Inter-Racial Committee; we have the best Negroes in the South in this town," and they truly believe that they are doing all they should do for these "best Negroes."

Then, too, many Negroes are distrustful, believing that those co-operating are really disloyal to their own race, and probably being exploited in some way by the whites. On the whole, however, there exists far more sympathy than opposition.

Many definite improvements have been accomplished. Public sentiment is changing faster than was expected. When the city authorities of Richmond, Virginia, give an outstanding welcome to the National Convention of Negro Elks, when the working group of the Poetry Society of South Carolina gives an evening to Johnson's "Anthology of Negro Poetry," when groups of white people and colored people are meeting together regularly all over the South for discussion of their mutual problems, advance *is* definite.

The outstanding improvement in which the Commission has taken a leading part is in the reducing of lynching. According to statistics from Tuskegee, the number has been cut in half each year for the last three years, and the 1924 record of 16 was held for 1925. In this third month only one has been reported for 1926, and it is hoped to have a greatly reduced number for this year.[1] Shocking to recall, at the end of the last century two hundred or more lynchings in the United States was not an uncommon record for a year.

Even more significant is the increase in the number of prevented lynchings. As the one has been cut in half, the other has been doubled. The Commission has written letters to every sheriff in the Southern States, and is now offering a handsome medal for notable cases of prevention. The first medal will go to the sheriff of Asheville, North Carolina, who last November saved his prisoner and arrested the ringleaders of the mob.

Unprecedented courage was shown in the handling of this situation. The sheriff competently protected his prisoner, and arrested 43 leaders of the mob; 29 were sentenced. Judge A. M. Stack said, "God save the State that has to depend on mobs to protect its women."

Incidentally, North Carolina is one of the strongholds of Inter-Racial work, leading men and women from that State having been prominent in the movement from its beginnings.

The Commission plans to make investigations of the backgrounds in any case

[1] The Tuskegee record of lynchings for the first six months of 1926 is: Total, 9; 6 Negro, 2 white, 1 Indian. All of these lynchings were in Southern States. The total is the same as that for the first six months of 1925, which was the low record for many years.

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of lynching—what kind of man was the prisoner, and, if the case be one of rape, what kind of woman was the victim, or, as is so often the case, the alleged victim.

While all of this is hopeful, the point to be stressed is that the entire basis has been shifted in this terrible evil. In each State, as an Inter-Racial Committee was organized the white women passed resolutions utterly repudiating the false standards implied in the attitude of protection of Southern white women, refusing longer to allow the name of Southern womanhood to be used as a cloak for mob violence, and pronouncing for the same standards of morals and the same protection for white and colored women.

In view of these facts, it seems a tragedy that politicians, seeking to use the Negro vote, should be trying to make an issue of this question, which is being handled by the best possible means—the force of public opinion.

A book could be written telling of achievements and failures, of thrilling personal experiences, and of cases of injustice righted. The work of the Committee goes quietly on, using its influence personally, and through all existing agencies. The women's organizations in all of the large church denominations have established Inter-Racial Committees, which co-operate with the Commission, and when at the annual Conventions white and colored people from every Southern State meet face to face and speak out freely the things that are in their hearts we take courage, and believe that we are at least breaking ground in the most important field open to human endeavor at this time, and indeed at all times—the establishment of peace and good will, the securing to all of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The Syrian Trouble

By A. RUSTEM BEY

Former Turkish Ambassador to the United States

THE violent disturbances of which Syria has become the theater and which have plunged that country, after so many others similarly situated, in the throes of that most savage and most cruel of all forms of human conflict—the conflict between a subject race aspiring for freedom and its foreign subduers—have brought to the forefront of international discussion yet another of the false situations created by the Conference of Versailles under the fatal inspiration of imperialism. Envisaged from the point of view of its relationship to the cause of peace, the Syrian drama, which no doubt is in itself only a banal episode among many analogous episodes of contemporary history, assumes the character of an event of world-wide importance. As such it may claim the attention of the American public, for whose edification this article has been written.

THE occupation of Syria by the French took place under the so-called mandatory system, which is the pivot of the situation under discussion. This system is based on a doctrine of comparatively recent origin and is still loosely formulated. According to this doctrine, which, in the absence of a generally accepted definition, will be called here the "Doctrine of [National] Status According to Merit," the individual peoples distributed over the globe are not the unconditional tenants of the territories occupied by them and which have fallen to their share by what are simply accidents of history, but the trustees of humanity, the real proprietor, to whom they are responsible for their administration. It follows that those among the existing peoples which have failed or are presumed *a priori* bound to fail, in the task of exploiting and developing in some reasonable measure the regions in which they happen to be settled—which, in other words, have failed to insure a minimum of tranquillity, orderliness, and achievement in their midst, failing thereby to contribute, within the limits of their opportunities, to the welfare and general progress of humanity—are classed as unfit for the duties and rights of government and marked out for subjection to outside control. It is especially emphasized, however, that this control is not intended to signify the subjugation of the peoples belonging to the category in question—the backward and defaulting peoples—but the establishment over them of a sort of tutelage for a more or less prolonged period with a view to teaching them to make the best of their dwarfed or neglected faculties and eventually granting independence to such of them as have risen to a level of civilization compatible with the possession of this status. In effect, the basic idea pervading the Doctrine of Status According to Merit is that the interest of humanity is best served by respecting as much as possible the political integrity of the backward peoples and restricting it only to the extent and for as long as is strictly necessary in each case in order to prepare them for the rôle of independent members of the family of nations contributing to the cause of progress under the inspiration of their native genius. Coincidentally, the cause of justice and peace is to be promoted.

The mandatory system was elaborated at the Conference of Versailles for the purpose of bringing imperialism, whose inspiration is essentially selfish, pandering as it does exclusively to exasperated nationalism, within the purview of the doctrine just defined and adjusting thereby its activities to the collective requirements of the world. The League of Nations, as highest representative of humanity, was invested with the mission of administering this system, whose operation was to be subordinated to certain conditions which may be summed up as follows: First, the backward peoples were to be carefully classified according to the nature and degree of their deficiencies, and only those among them brought under control which were manifestly in need of foreign help; secondly, this supervision was to correspond strictly, as regards form and duration, to the respective conditions of these peoples; thirdly, the rôle of controller or guardian was to be intrusted to the imperialistic Powers, which were to receive mandates of administration to be exercised in the name and under the control of the League, on the basis of an understanding arrived at between this body and these Powers and settling the rival claims of the latter. This last condition, which at first sight might appear paradoxical, requires to be explained.

IN taking up the German challenge in 1914, the Allied Powers proclaimed their determination to use their eventual triumph in the struggle for the restoration of the liberties of the world and the suppression of imperialism, reserving tacitly, it should be noted, their own acquired situations under this régime.

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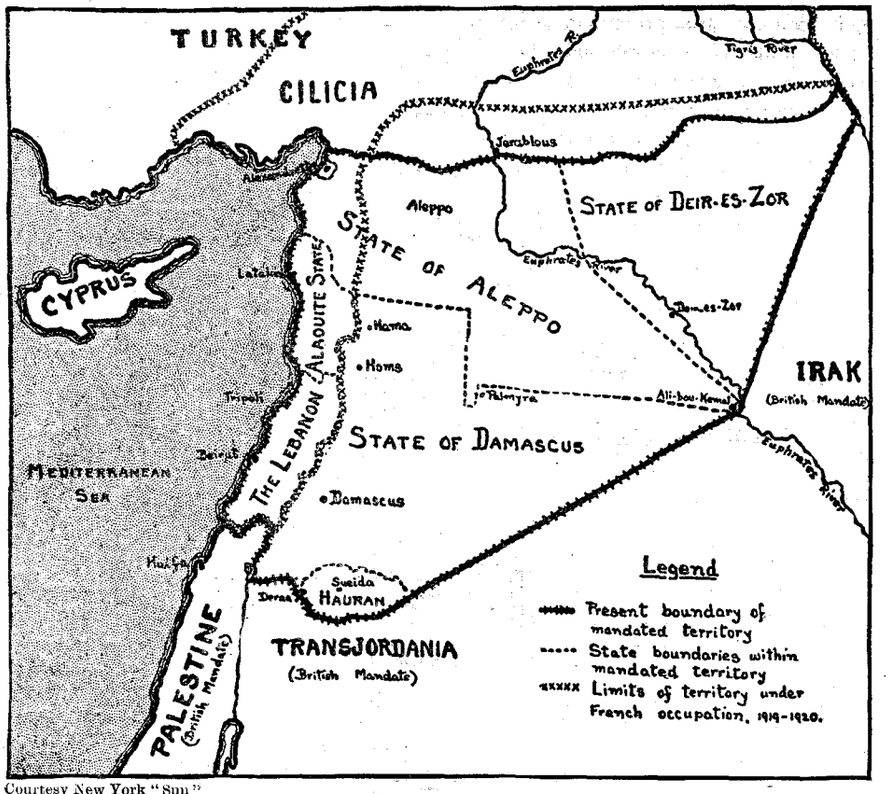

Courtesy New York "Sun"

Syria and Her Neighbors

The Associated Powers subscribed to this undertaking, the United States leading in the matter. When, however, the two groups assembled at the Conference of Versailles, in view of the organization of the new peace, the former, represented by England, France, Italy, and Japan, protested that imperialism is, in principle, non-suppressible, explaining that it proceeds from vital necessities inseparable from the growth and development of the nations, and that in pledging themselves to put an end to its operations both sides had miscalculated their capacity of execution. They insisted that the only practical means of dealing with imperialism, classed by them among the elemental forces of the world, was to accept its existence as inevitable and to remain content with canalizing and regulating its action, which was far from being always a source of evil, as, for instance, in its relation to the hopelessly barbarous places.

It cannot be denied that the views propounded by the Allied Powers corresponded in substance to the facts of the situation. Under the pressure of the fierce political and economic rivalry dominating a world whose resources are very unevenly distributed and in which great differences exist in the degree of civilization and power of the nations, it is inevitable that the strong and highly developed among the latter should seek in imperialistic enterprises, at the expense of the weak and undeveloped, a solution of the problems of their extremely complicated existence. In the last analysis, imperialism in this form, which is the prevailing form, constitutes a manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation asserting itself irresistibly in the international struggle for life. Its misdeeds are covered by the law of the survival of the fittest. Manifestly, imperialism is bound to defy opposition.

The views of the Allied Powers prevailed and were embodied precisely in the mandatory system.

As conceived at Versailles, this system implied the maintenance of the principle of imperialism as part of the public law of the world, but it aimed at holding it in check to the extent that was possible. By discriminating carefully between the less advanced peoples, it was expected to prevent imperialism from operating uncontrolled in all directions. By conferring mandates of administration on the imperialist Powers in regions coveted by them its object was to provide these Powers with the means of promoting the selfish interest figuring at the back of their expansionist ambitions, as safely and for as long as they might hope to do so through conquest, rendering thereby superfluous recourse to this violent and world-disturbing method of action. At the same time the mandatory system was intended to safeguard the native and world interest, since it confided the missionary work envisaged by the Doctrine of Status According to Merit to nations standing *ex hypothesi* in the forefront of civilization and power. In a word, this system was meant to establish a compromise between the antagonistic principles of imperialism and self-determination, whereby what is excessive and injurious in each was meant to be rendered inoperative and what is reasonable and useful made to concur to the welfare of humanity.

APPLIED in a spirit of sincerity and good faith, the mandatory system might have rendered great services to the cause of international concord and peace. Unfortunately, when it came to the actual point of reconstructing on a new basis the political order of the world, the imperialist Powers—*en l'espèce* the Allied Powers as distinct from the Associated, in particular the United States, which protested in vain—used this system simply as a means of disguising their ambitions, which were allowed to operate free from restraint under cover of the forms provided by the system, the principles underlying it being totally disregarded. An arbitrary classification was made of the less-advanced peoples, some being granted independence which were not entitled to it, while others which offered guaranties of self-reformation and self-development were placed under the mandatory régime, just as suited the convenience of the imperialist Powers. On the other hand, the latter entered upon their mandatory rôle firmly resolved to transform their temporary missions into permanent occupations. In a word, the spirit of imperialism had resumed full sway over them, sweeping away at one blow the good resolutions they had formed—admitting these to have been sincere at any time.

Of the false situations thus created, the establishment of a French mandate over Syria was precisely one.

Compared with the Western nations, the Syrians do not represent a high grade of civilization. But neither do they deserve to be classed among the incapable and helpless peoples. They have retained much of the old Arab culture, while displaying, on the other hand, considerable dispositions for modern progress, especially in the economic sphere. Syria was the most advanced and prosperous province of the Ottoman Empire, thanks to the industriousness, intelligence, and progressivenes of its native population. There is no reason whatever to believe that the Syrians are less fit for the rôle of an independent nation than the Greeks or Bulgarians, who were allowed to attain this status at one bound in the pre-war changes introduced in the Near East.

If this people was included in the list of backward races requiring foreign

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guidance, it was simply because France, which has always laid a reversionary claim to their country on the flimsy ground that it fell within the scope of her "moral and cultural influence," would not be denied the satisfaction of this ambition at the disruption of the Ottoman Empire. There was no justification for the occupation of Syria either from the point of view of the superior interest of France or from that of the interest of the Syrians and the world at large. It was a wanton manifestation of imperialism for the sake of imperialism.

What made matters worse is that, instead of serving as a means of procuring for Syria the benefits of an up-to-date modern administration, the French mandate was prostituted to such unworthy ends as exploiting mercilessly this land, which was being stripped methodically of its wealth in the selfish interest of France, and fostering the dissensions dividing its populations from of old, with a view to consolidating French rule on the principle of *divide et impera*. The moral and economic retrogression of the country was the result—a lamentable anti-climax in the operation of the mandatory system.

Under these circumstances, it was natural that the Syrians, whose valiant resistance to the occupation of their country had given the measure of the nationalist feeling animating them, should rebel at the first opportunity. The local Druse rising was the beginning of a reaction which threatened to embrace the entire mandated territory in its scope, an extension of armed operations which, to judge by the abominations already committed on both sides, must have resulted in terrible devastation and effusion of blood. Here was a grave miscarriage of the mandatory system. Imperialism, breaking bounds, had added a new chapter to its tragic annals.

QUITE unexpectedly, however, the French Government in power as I write, recognizing the errors of its predecessors, adopted a policy of conciliation and propitiation by offering the Syrians terms of peace based on the recognition of their claims to independence. M. de Jouvenel, the new High Commissioner, invited the insurgents to lay down their arms preparatory to the granting of a truly autonomous régime to their country whose conditions are to be fixed by the Syrian people themselves and which is to be followed in the near future by complete independence. There is no doubt that the Druses, although still refractory because they refuse to believe—wrongly, this time, according to all appearances—in the sincerity of the French offers, will finally accept them, the mandatory Power seeming disposed to take an indulgent view of any prolongation of their resistance in the interval.[1]

The case is unique in history of a great and powerful country offering to make amends to a victim of its imperialist enterprises while still engaged in an armed struggle for supremacy with the latter. It does honor to France, whose generous retreat is the outstanding feature of the Syrian situation and constitutes a new departure in the treatment of the imperialist problem. What threatened to assume the character and proportions of a great international tragedy has developed into an occasion for the accomplishment of an act of reparation in what seems to be a real spirit of repentance foreshadowing the return of one of the leading European Powers to the sane and equitable conception of imperialism which inspired the adoption of the mandatory system. All is well that ends well.

The Syrian rising acted as a reminder to France that imperialism practiced at the expense of peoples with a historic past and conscious of their individuality and rights, whatever their actual condition, defeats its own purpose by becoming an endless cause of strife and a constant drain on the resources of all concerned. France has taken the lesson to heart. Would that the other imperialist Powers followed her example!

Sir Squire Bancroft and the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"

A London Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

THESE two names, Squire Bancroft and the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," are placed together for the simple reason that on a day this spring much notice was taken of them in the chief London journals. Sir Squire Bancroft had just died, his years being eighty-five, and on that day fell the centenary of the birth of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Each was a figure—the man delighting in the courteous publicity he received, the woman shrinking from notice.

Sir Squire Bancroft (he was knighted in 1897 for "notable services to his profession") was certainly a figure in twentieth-century London, or that portion of it which lies between Albany, where he lived (Lady Bancroft died in 1921), and the Garrick and Athenæum Clubs. Between those places you might often see him strolling, for he was "Retired Leisure," to quote Charles Lamb's apt phrase; but when he retired from the stage he did not decline into slippers, fireside, and old clothes—not he; this handsome survival undertook the rôle of a figure in London life, with occasional reappearances on the boards.

Time passed, and he became an octogenarian dandy; but he did not ape youth. Sartorial developments had no effect upon him. He wore the clothes of the 'seventies or 'eighties—such as he wore as Captain Hawtree in "Caste"—but his clothes always looked new and were beautifully cut, and he wore the shiniest and tallest silk hat in London.

As you passed this tall, distinguished-looking man with the white curly hair and the eye-glass kept miraculously in its place you could not help noticing him. He liked it; he liked acknowledging the frequent salutes of strangers. We liked him because he stood for an older England, when men had time to be courteous, slow-moving, and friendly; when the morning walk was an event, and the afternoon walk was an event, and the dress for each occasion had to be considered with care. Sir Squire Bancroft strolled through twentieth-century London; it was said of him, "No man ever was so distinguished as Sir Squire Bancroft looked."

But I must not give the impression that he was a lazy man. Far from it.

[1] Since this article was written the clashes between the Druses and the French forces have continued. As we pointed out in the issue of July 7, however, the French are now far more confident than before of being able to deal with the military situation because of the subsidence of the campaign in the Riff. It is to be hoped that they still maintain the willingness to deal with the people of Syria in the liberal spirit to which our contributor calls attention.—The Editors.

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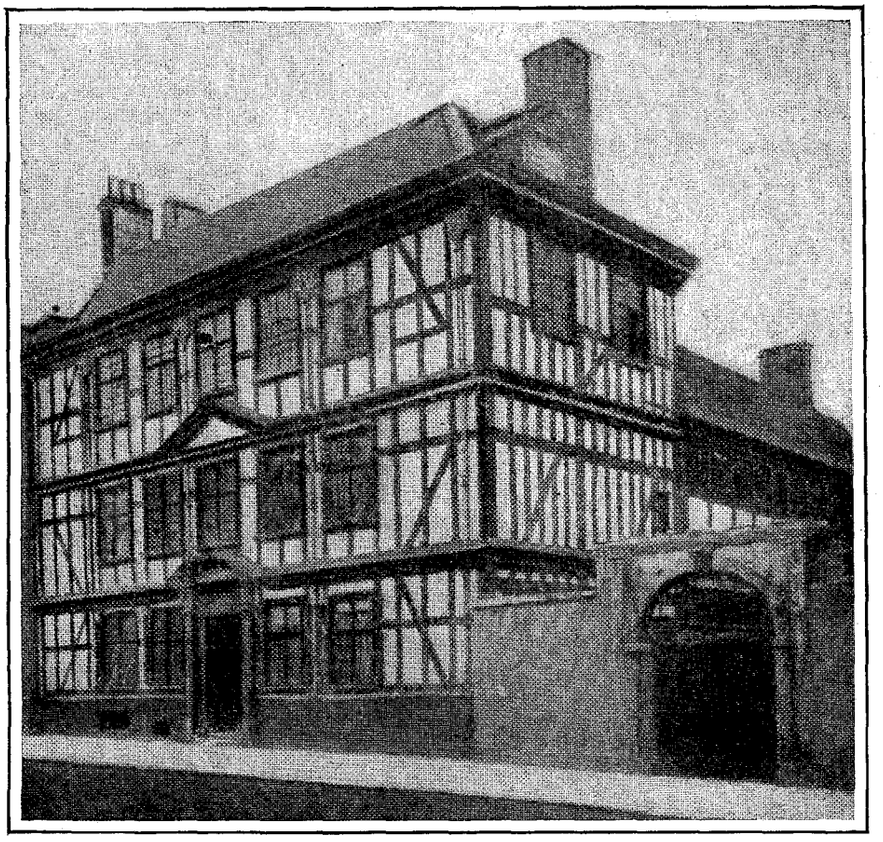
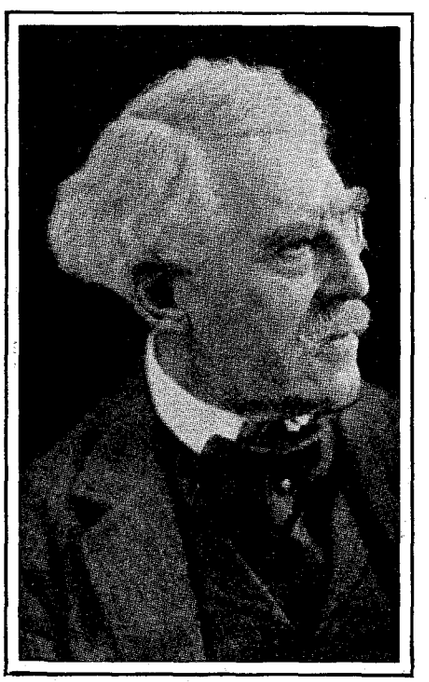


The Mayor's House, Tewkesbury, which is described in "John Halifax, Gentleman" as the House of the Fourteen Windows

He had lived so long, he had garnered so much experience of actors, acting, and plays, that he was regarded as the grandfather of the theatrical profession; he was always ready with advice and help. He was President of the Actors' Association, of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and Chairman of the Foundling Hospital. Among other benefactions, he gave £1,000 to "General" Booth's "Darkest England" scheme; but his great achievement after he had retired from the stage was the readings he gave, year after year, of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," by which he raised more than £20,000 for hospitals in England and Canada.

If you wished to see Sir Squire Bancroft in later years, you would call upon him at his cozy, spacious chambers in Albany—the delightful, secluded walk with apartments at either side, and a watchful beadle at either end, that runs from Piccadilly to Burlington Gardens, where Macaulay and other eminent men lived. Sir Squire's rooms were at the Piccadilly end, facing Albany Courtyard. It was an ideal place for him. The noisy present is shut out; residents may commune with the ghosts of the past and feel as they pace the flags that there is at least one place in London which the tides of "progress" do not wash.

You will observe that I call this protected place with goldfish in bowls in the windows of the ground-floor chambers and shrubs in the little trim gardens Albany, not *The* Albany. Refer to it in print as The Albany, and you will have half a dozen indignant letters from old Londoners—sticklers for accuracy. There were originally three houses on the site, and one of the owners was the first Lord Melbourne, who rebuilt his house, and then changed dwellings with the Duke of York and Albany. Whence the name. In 1804 the garden was built over, the flagged pathway made, and the chambers built.



The late Sir Squire Bancroft

By this time the reader may be addressing to himself this question, What kind of an actor was Squire Bancroft, who became so great a figure in Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly?

He was not a great actor, but he shared with his talented wife, Marie Wilton, in great things. From 1865 to 1879 they ran the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, off Tottenham Court Road, and from 1880 to 1884 the Haymarket Theatre. They found a playwright to suit them—Tom Robertson. There must be a few still alive who remember the production of "Society," "Ours," "School," and other plays of the charming "teacup and saucer school." Incidentally, the Bancroft-Wilton management made its fortune, but it also raised the stage, improved the condition of actors, and attracted an educated and refined public.

Of this we thought when we saw this distinguished Victorian, in the evening of his days, walking leisurely from club to club, or raising the tone of a meeting over which he presided, or moving, perfectly garbed, through a picture gallery private view.

I pass to the other Victorian, Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik), author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." She was not an intellectual woman, says one of her biographers, and she did not read much. But in 1852 she saw Tewkesbury, which she called "Norton Bury," and the Abbey, and the "House of the Fourteen Windows," and the Bell Inn, and five years later, with great care, she wrote "John Halifax, Gentleman," which has become one of the most famous of lesser English novels. It still creeps into lists of the "One Hundred Best Books," and when I was in Tewkesbury last summer I found the place she described fragrant and busy with her memory.

This good woman, who was ever active in good works, wrote little else worth reading; but what a triumph to have produced one book that has passed into the language, and to be remembered for it with acclamations and speeches in this post-war cynical, frothy twentieth century!

Two eminent, prominent Victorians! We salute them, and enshrine their memories in Albany and Tewkesbury.

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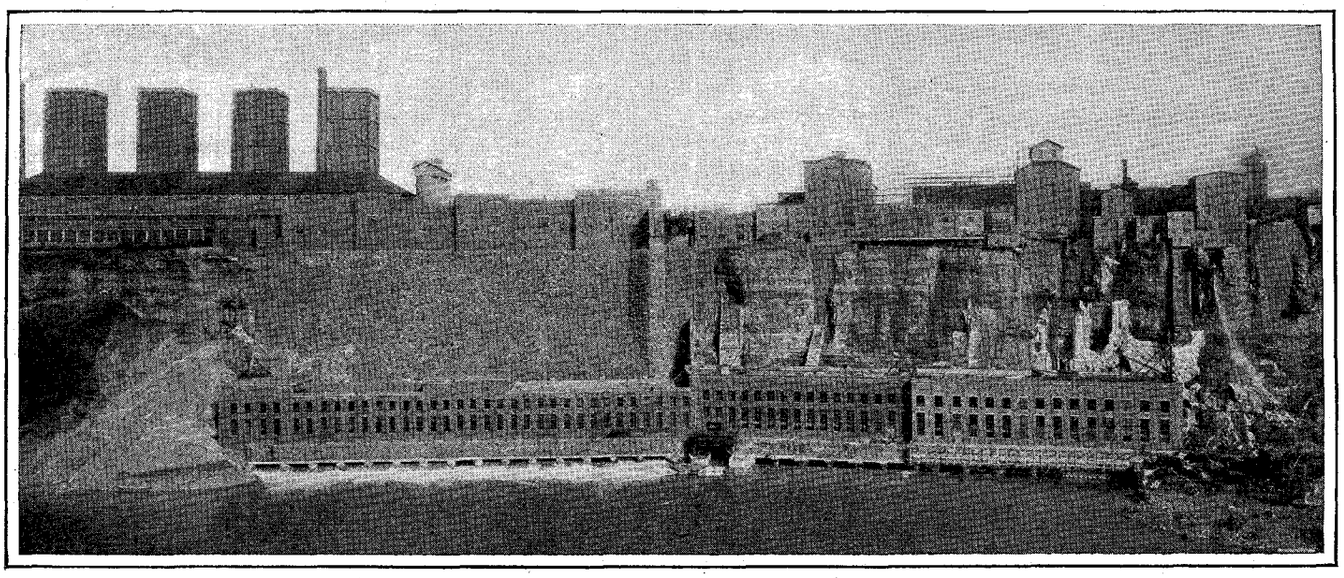

The main plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company

Burbanking Buffalo

The Intensive Horticulture of Industry

By GEORGE MARVIN

"HAVE you ever seen Niagara Falls?" asked the polite Englishman at a formal London dinner, thirty years or so ago, by way of making conversation with the charming American on his left.

"My father owns 'em," replied Miss Porter, of Buffalo. And she did not greatly exaggerate.

There's a good deal of American real estate left about Niagara Falls, and practically every bit of it is actually as stated by Buffalo. Giving the family name of "Buffalo," in the sense of metropolitan area, to all that westernmost district of New York State comprising the Tonawandas, Martinsville, Wurlitzer, Pekin, Wilson, St. Johnsburg, and the municipality of Niagara Falls—all that clustering neighborhood which looks on and profits by the dropping of the river most gloriously over its precipice—Buffalo in that sense owns Niagara Falls, "owns 'em" in joint tenancy with Canada. The one - million - five - hundred - thousand - candle - power electric projectors that nightly bedizen the American Falls are set up on the Canadian side for the delectation of international tourists. The heavy majority of the money-spending tourists come from the American side and most of the tremendous electric energy generated on both sides of the falling, mist-haloed boundary flows into United States industry. Although the ownership is joint, most of the wonder and the wallop are Buffalo's. The ownership of the Falls handed down by the fathers is a useful thing for the children, Porters and others, unto the third and fourth generation. Buffalo believes it.

The local brotherhood who deal in matters of terra firma and fixtures thereupon under the mystic name of "realtors" call this big city at the meeting of many waters "the Garden Spot of Industry." As a matter of demonstrable fact they are right. Buffalo, in the metropolitan-area sense, is a tract of urban and suburban real estate as thickly sown with industrial plants as any region of equal area well could be. Some of the plants come up from seed well watered by lake and river and canal; others are grafted on older growths to give fruit more abundantly; many are transplanted from far-distant soils and, in the hands of the Buffalo Burbanks, made to grow more luxuriantly here.

Tune in on Station "R-L-T-R" any night, and you will hear something like this coming from the eastern shores of Lake Erie: "The Buffalo area," booms a sonorous voice supreme over static and S. O. S. calls. "The Buffalo area—there are, my friends, no city limits to-day anywhere—is the supreme example of a scientific, economic industrial center." Far away in the less scientific Northwest Minneapolis admits the soft impeachment. It is cheaper to haul grain in big-bellied freighters down the big Lakes and mill it at their eastern, Buffalo, terminus than to pay east-bound freight on barrels of flour milled by the Mississippi at the St. Paul head of navigation. Accordingly Minneapolis shakes its dusty clothes, and Buffalo is in a fair way to become the great flour-milling center of the United States. The Minneapolis millers—the Washburn-Crosbys, the Pillsburys, and the rest of the staff-of-life brotherhood—have moved on to Buffalo while continuing to do business much as usual in Minnesota for their Western markets. Airplane pictures of their grain-elevator stalagmites, sprouting in the midst of railway yards, canals, and Lake estuaries in the Niagara territory, more than prove what the realtors say about that particular plot of their "Garden" development. Naturally, Buffalo believes what the pictures show.

The impressive thing is that Canada believes it too. In recent years, according to figures quoted in the Dominion Parliament, something between seventy-four per cent and eighty per cent of Canadian grain shipped eastward from the western provinces by way of Fort William and Port Arthur has gone through the elevators and the flour mills of Buffalo, the great bulk of it in bond for ultimate export from Atlantic ports.

The airplane pictures show this Canadian grain lying in capacious cargo boats that have come the long Lake way from

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the far end of Superior—seed for the "Garden." The scientific economic eye may also plainly discern many other evidences of industrial fertility in these pictures. They show eleven trunk lines moving freight on 400 industrial sidings over 1,500 miles of urban and suburban tracks. These steel tentacles of trade permeate a mosaicked water-front formed by Lake Erie, the Niagara and Buffalo Rivers, the Erie Barge Canal, and many lesser inland waterways. Even an unscientific eye can see and understand the enormous interrelation of transportation by water and by land. Next to the ownership of Niagara Buffalo is proudest of its terminal facilities.

It ought not to be, and it is not, hard to sell "Industry" with a big "I" on Buffalo. With only these airplane demonstrations on view, the city gives itself away. In the five-year period terminating with 1914 475 industries from less scientific neighborhoods caught the economic infection, pulled up stakes, and trekked to Buffalo. In these days when the voices of the cities ascend to heaven in one long glorified curb market, bidding against one another for industries, for conventions, for tourists, for people, and for publicity, the mute fact of this great industrial trek to Buffalo catches the bewildered attention of the innocent bystander. There must be something in it. Take the specific case of the Dunlop Company for an example of the whole process.

The Dunlop Corporation, an Anglo-American capitalization, makes the indispensable tires on which civilization rolls to "success." With eight plants already working and growing in as many different parts of the world, a Dunlop general staff of engineers, architects, and chemists were sent out to make a comparative survey of twenty-three cities from the Atlantic seaboard to the Middle West in order to determine upon the most advantageous site for another plant greater than all the others. Their comparative evaluations were made on a predetermined percentage basis, and, on these presumably highly scientific-economic grounds, not one of the twenty-three cities could make the grade! (Sounds as of twenty-three chambers of commerce muttering in their beards.)

Now it so happened that Niagara Falls drew these Anglo-American investigators, wearied with their fruitless quest, within earshot of the Buffalo *toros reales*. Niagara has always had a fatal fascination for Englishmen even before the classic days when Miss Porter's father "owned 'em." Whereupon the conjectures, the figurings, and the journeys of the Dunlop staff of explorers incontinently ended. Buffalo was awarded a mark of 97 per cent, three-hundredths short of economico-scientific perfection—this is a matter of actual record—and the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Company proceeded forthwith to plant $40,000,000 of new money in "the Garden Spot of Industry."

Buffalo goes industriously about the cultivation of its garden spot. Many more things than industries are planted there and bring forth fruit in their season. Conventions, for instance. Conventions are not perennials, like industries, but they are a very hardy annual and yield enormous returns to intensive cultivation. All cities have well-fertilized convention plots in their economic gardens, and Buffalo is only remarkable in the extent and thoroughness of this branch of its horticulture. It makes forty conventions grow where only a dozen grew before, a proof of the fer-

Courtesy of Ronne & Washburn, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Buffalo's civic center, looking east above McKinley Memorial Monument, in Niagara Square. The new Statler Hotel is at the left and the new Buffalo Athletic Club at the right

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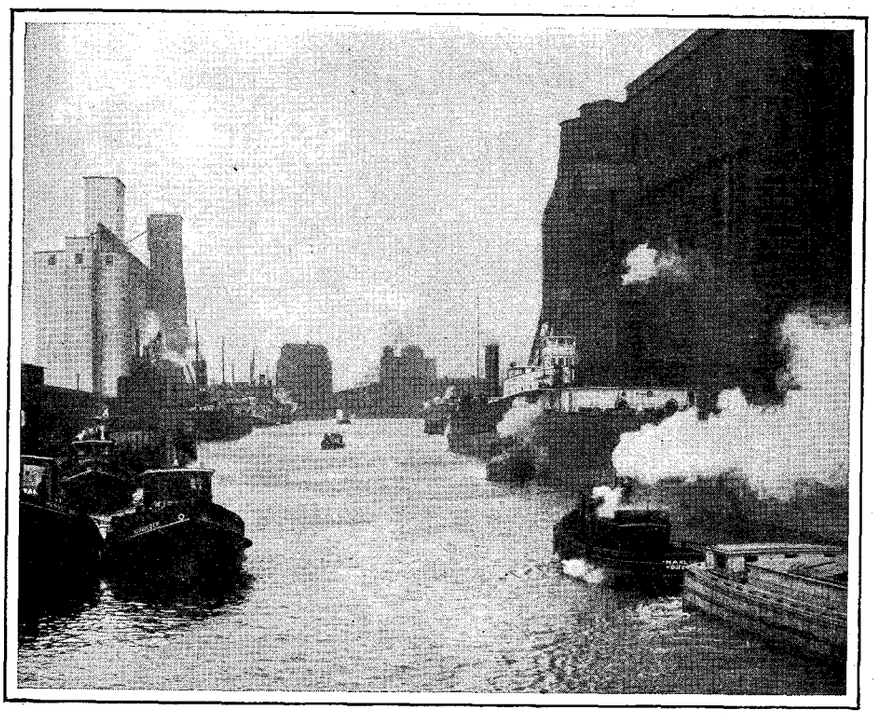

A busy scene in Buffalo's inner harbor

tility of the soil as well as the scientific anthropoculture of the gardeners. Many honest ingredients contribute to the fertility of the soil. To begin with, there is the weather, which is "just right in Buffalo." Other cities are built on the shores of Lake Erie—Toledo, Cleveland, Dunkirk, Sandusky, Ashtabula—but Buffalo, it would seem, draws most of the value of the lake's beneficent effect upon climate. A pile of clippings produced in evidence, covering a period of several years and cut from widely scattered newspapers of supposedly local pride in comparative temperatures and salubriousness, more than prove the *ex parte* brags appearing regularly in "Fingy" Conners's Buffalo "Courier" and Norman Mack's "Times." It must be so. Then there are the Porter Falls and the antiseptic Home of Shredded Wheat; here is Mr. Statler's automatic hotel and a number of other hospitable hostelries only less sterilized; and there, just on the other side of several bridges, is broad-minded Canada. As the airplane pictures sell "Industry," so does the mere neighborhood and its hospitality sell "Convention."

Ten years ago Buffalo in the open market was getting only fifteen conventions annually. Now more than two hundred populous bodies convene there every year. The non-convening citizen has no conception of the value of this business to the successful bidder. Buffalo has gone seriously into the business, has more than held its own in a Nation-wide competition, and is very frank about the advantages accruing from its investment of time and money and brains in the cultivation of conveners. Take a few specific instances: When the Canners' Convention was held at Buffalo in January, 1924, a check was kept on the cigar-stand in the Hotel Statler, which showed that in a single day Convention visitors, who could be easily identified by their badges, bought within $30 of $1,000 worth of cigars at that one stand. That same night a similar check showed that "600 taxicab loads of identified Convention people were carried away from the hotel." During the January week the Canners spent in Buffalo one of the local manufacturing concerns, which had an exhibit shrewdly installed at Convention Headquarters, booked enough orders to keep their plant going for three months thereafter, and that meant several hundred employees kept on the pay-roll during an off season who might otherwise have been out of a job.

Such advantages are familiar to convention managers, but many other interests in the city come to realize on the quarter of a million dollars' worth of free advertising that the city gets from its well-managed hospitality and its natural advantages. Just as the makers of a well-known car advertise, "Ask the Man who owns One," so might the convention growers advertise confidently, "Ask the Man who's been here."

There was—in fact, there is—a citizen of Buffalo who is a gardener on his own account without profit. His specialty is human relations, a rare species of garden truck that prospers only with self-sacrificing care. Airplane pictures miss it hidden in the great outcroppings of "Industry." Those who scientifically tend the fertile economic garden spots are apt to pass it by. Convention growers find no market for it because it cannot be sold.

Well, this good citizen of the world, who lives most of his time in Buffalo, this man with the great ugly face of Savonarola—almost grotesque until the spirit of his profession irradiates its expression—spent the better part of a day in making an unconvening visitor to Buffalo feel intelligently at home in this corner of the garden that is the world.

Past the windows of his car slid a moving picture without captions: Detail of downtown streets and squares and huddle of life; detail of muscle-bound traffic between shining walls of high-piled prosperity; detail of arcaded Delaware Avenue, where McKinley died and Roosevelt took over the United States; detail of the sullen open sea of Erie with a red sun slipping down into it and lighthouses on the gray breakwaters beginning their twinkling overtures; detail of afternoon golf clubs with animated figures busily at play.

And by and by, in the darkness, he came to the never-resting Falls, that Miss Porter's father used to own, industriously eroding their way back to Buffalo at the rate of five feet a year. Day and night these last twenty-five thousand years, to show what industry (with a small "i") will do, they have worn away nine miles of their rocky brink. Over on the Canadian side the battery of high-power projectors had gone into action with a glare like that of forty thousand undimmed motor lamps coming up the road. The spot-light shifted to the falling river, and, by the cunning of an unseen property manager, the Falls were yanked out from their veils of mist and transformed into prodigies of pink and green, magenta and yellow. Steadfastly developing her two million of productive horse-powers for Ontario and western New York, Our Lady of Niagara, in lipstick, powder, and rouge, grimaced and did her turn in the Big Time.

Something went wrong with the electric current over in Victoria Park. A fuse burned out or the property manager had a stroke. Maybe the big time was up. The projectors winked back, and Niagara, fading into the merciful mystery of night, gleamed again in her own silver splendor as she has these twenty-five thousand years.

"Buffalo owns 'em," quoted the unconvening guest.

"No," said Savonarola, quietly, as he leaned forward to turn the key on the magneto switch; "no, Miss Porter was right. Our Father owns 'em."

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Variations on a Life of Liszt

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

JAMES HUNEKER, of the flashing pen, once wrote a life of Liszt, on which he lavished time and thought and care and travel. He went out on the trail of the great pianist, following him on the highways and byways, from Hungary to England, France, and Italy. He had style and knowledge and musicianship to assist him in his task. Yet his book, when it appeared, fell rather flat.

And now another writer has ventured on a biography of the Abbé, whom he deals with less as a musician than as a lover. This method may, to many, seem irreverent. Yet it is warranted by the facts of Liszt's career, and not nearly as disrespectful as it might be if, besides wearing the gown as a minor and casual member of the priesthood, Liszt had been wedded to the Church in deadly earnest. Moreover, notwithstanding all his frailties, Liszt compares favorably on the whole with some other abbés known to art and fame; for example, a certain Prévost, who gave us an insight into his own scandalous experiences in his story of the Chevalier des Grieux of "Manon Lescaut," and who paid so tragically, they say, for his frivolities by being tortured, when alive, on a dissecting table.

I have not read the very latest life of Liszt,[1] nor shall I do so. For I am not interested now in his dead loves and courtships, or, for that matter, in his music—with exceptions. But no one who had once set eyes on him and consorted with him in the flesh could be indifferent to his wondrous personality. After many years during which his music may have bored me, I still remember how, in my salad days, I had the privilege one night of meeting the Abbé face to face for a few hours in England.

He had grown old, and soon after he passed on. Long before that he had no doubt put aside the snares and vanities of love, wearied of his fame, and come to think lightly of a majority of his compositions. He must have learned by then to discriminate between gold and pinchbeck, to know the hollowness of most intrigues and amours, and to bow down to the more true and lofty genius of such rivals as Berlioz and Wagner. Age had dignified and mellowed him. He had become almost a legend. But he was still a great and admirable pianist and a figure quite unique in his own world.

In his honor, one of his London publishers had invited every musical celebrity within reach to a reception at his suburban home—a handsome house on the road to Sydenham, hard by the Crystal Palace, which to-day is, as it was, a curious monument of glass and iron, redeemed from its extraordinary ugliness by many memories of marvelous music festivals.

The night was dark, and Liszt had just arrived, I think, from France. For some reason, I had been delayed in town and feared I might miss the function. But I was not too late.

As the door opened, and I passed from a dark garden into a hall brilliantly lighted and crowded with guests, I had the good fortune to behold a sight which I have never forgotten.

Before me was a wide and stately staircase, at the foot of which I saw a group of gayly dressed women, with bowed heads, holding nosegays in their hands to offer Liszt. At the top of the stairs, resting his right hand on a balustrade and slightly stooping, as he halted on his way to look down on his votaries, was a majestic veteran. A man well in the seventies, tall, and clad in a black robe. His hair, which flowed in straight masses over his neck, was snowy white. His nose was large and curved. His complexion, marred by time and seamed with wrinkles, was of a dead gray. Years of love, years of dreams, years of acquaintance with the deeps and shoals of life, had set their mark upon a fascinating face. His lips were stirred by a mild smile, half kindly, half ironic, tired but pleased. He would have been equally at ease seated on the Papal throne or in a lady's boudoir. He had the urbanity of a diplomat and the picturesqueness of a model. As you watched him, you could find traces of the charm which had linked him with so many of the sex by whom he had been idolized. Yet, in the usual way, somehow Rome, the Eternal, had set her stamp on his broad brow, his face, his manner—a stamp of subtility and intellectual refinement, not devoid even of a touch, at least, of austerity.

To Liszt, you felt, such tributes as had been prepared for him were natural. That night, though, as if all present realized that they were enjoying a last glimpse of him, the deference and formality of his welcome were exceptional. As he moved slowly down the stairs and accepted the flowers extended to him, his movements seemed processional. He might, indeed, have been a saintly prelate receiving homage from the faithful. Women and flowers and Liszt—they all harmonized. It is with flowers and women rather than with music that in my mind I shall always associate the great Abbé.

The host and hostess led Liszt ceremoniously through a large music-room thronged with composers, pianists, singers, performers on stringed instruments, organists, critics, and mere music lovers, to a seat near a grand piano. He did not play—no one would have dared to suggest his playing after a long journey. He sat in state, hearing compliments like a monarch, exchanging set phrases with his admirers, and occasionally smiling at the women who pressed round him. Among the guests were Arthur Sullivan, Professor Randegger, and many opera stars.

Then came a rather distressing anticlimax. For two hours and more, pianist after pianist seated himself at the piano and played Liszt to Liszt. And as the night wore on his face became more sad.

[1] Franz Liszt. (L'homme d'amour.) By Guy de Pourtalès. Translated by Eleanor and Van Wyck Brooks. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.

Fiction

DEMIGODS. By John Biggs, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

There are two of these demigods, father and son. The first is John Gault, a sturdy fanatic, founder of a semi-crazy church and leader of a desperately painful trek to a site chosen, he believes, by God. He is a finely conceived character. The son is not. His talk is turgid, his actions irresponsible; he is an unbelievable compound of sensualism, business genius, brutality, and ignorance.

FAN: THE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This was first published some thirty years ago under the author-pseudonym Henry Harford. It is obviously one of those unsuccessful efforts to live by writing which Hudson spoke of so bitterly in his latter years. It is interesting chiefly as a study in Hudson's early style.

THE PAINTED STALLION. By Hal G. Evans. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.75.

A wild mustang is the titular hero, but the young fellow Reese runs him hard for first place. Adventure and romance, jealousy and a happy love ending, make this a right good Texan yarn.

COMES THE BLIND FURY. By Raymond Escholier. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The simple and fitting title of M. Escholier's impressive novel "La Nuit" has been replaced in the translation by a scrap of Milton chipped from the fuller couplet quoted on the fly-leaf, after the popular fashion of "If Winter Comes." It is a pity; for the slow, relentless closing in of

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the shadows around a young girl who enters upon the scene a bright and winning child is M. Escholier's theme. Henriette is the orphan daughter of a country doctor's only son by a low woman. A little girl of ten, she comes from her convent school to live with her grandparents, whose reluctant affection for her is poisoned by bitterness and dread. Her youth repressed, restricted, and denied its natural outlets and opportunities, the evil passions latent in her nature attain a dreadful secret growth and the child, who with understanding help and guidance might have conquered her perilous inheritance, becomes in truth the debased creature of their utmost fears. Spiritually and physically darkness enfolds her; she loses the sight of her eyes, the vision of her soul, her innocence, her happiness, her charm, her hope, and vanishes at last into the night of her kind.

All the characters of the little provincial circle in which the tragedy develops are clearly and strongly drawn. The book rings true, and leaves the reader, as it should, pitying profoundly alike the miserable sinner and the tragically uncomprehending, rigid, virtuous one, but never for a moment melted to that maudlin sympathy which swamps a sense of human values.

TREASURE. By Albert Payson Terhune. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

This is not a dog story, but one of Mr. Terhune's lovable gold-red collies holds a prominent place among the *dramatis personæ*. The scene of the tale is within thirty miles of New York City in that New Jersey section where Blue-Eyed Niggers and Jackson Whites still, the author tells us, shame modern civilization by their depths of degradation. There is a real treasure, left by Hessian soldiers after the Battle of Springfield, and in the possession of a descendant with the Hessian blue eyes and the Negro skin. But the seekers who find the treasure get a surprise. What it is must not be told, but one may say that it involves a peculiar and clever bit of invention.

HOME TALENT. By Louise Closser Hale. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Mrs. Hale is an accomplished person both on and off the stage. This is a retrospective novel, written with her customary force and cleverness. The stage-struck can read it with profit, and those who like a lively, human tale will find it more than entertaining. There is much of herself in the volume

Biography

SWINBURNE. By Harold Nicolson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

This item in the New Series of the "English Men of Letters" follows the policy usual in the series of laying stress on criticism rather than biographical detail. It is a study of the poet Swinburne—about whom "as man," indeed, there is less to say than about most men of letters. The substance of Mr. Nicolson's judgment is contained in his opening chapter, "The Approach to Swinburne." He acknowledges Swinburne's faults and limitations, that "narcotic effect of his melody" of which the ear so fatally wearies; the vagueness of his imagery; and especially "the absence in his poetry of any wide basis of common experience." Swinburne once wrote to E. C. Stedman: "Knowing as you do the dates and sequences of my published books, you know every event of my life." He was a poet of revolt, and a man almost voluptuously ready to submit his will to any determined fellow-creature; hence his long years of careful coddling by the excellent Watts-Dunton. Nevertheless, believes Mr. Nicolson, his genius is undeniable, and there is hope that "the present distaste for Swinburne is due to altogether accidental causes, such as his technique, and that

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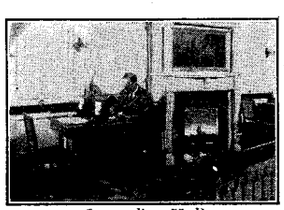

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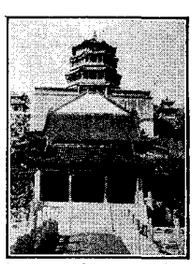

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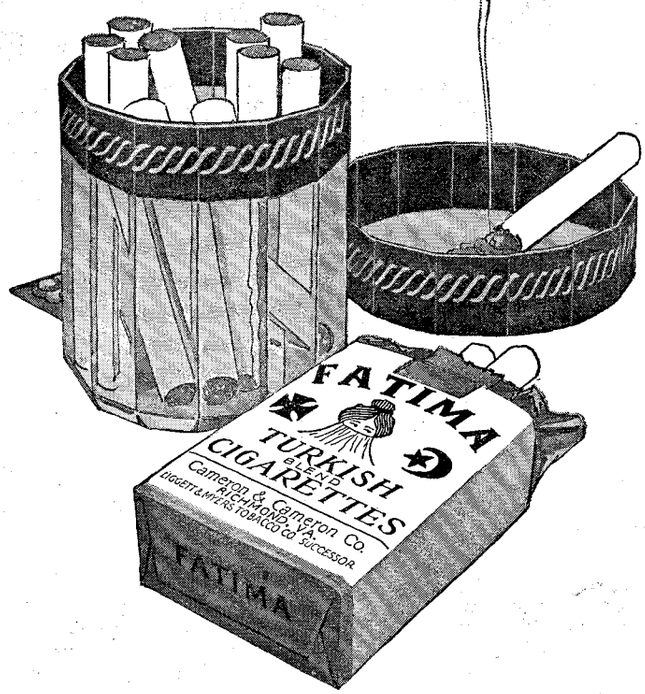

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The Editors of The Outlook, 120 East 16th St., New York City

there does in fact exist in Swinburne an 'internal centre,' tenuous but intense, which, if once realized, will give to his poetry an abiding interest and a stimulating originality."

Mr. Nicolson's style, as will be seen from the sample given, is formal and academic. There is not a glimmer in his eye. But there was none in Swinburne's, for that matter.

THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS. By S. G. Tallentyre. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.

This is a suitable book for the hanging shelves in the guest room. It is large enough to keep papers from blowing about and is bound in Alice blue with a gilt top. The author exhibits the usual ladies: Mesdames Geoffrin, d'Epinay, Necker, de Staël, Récamier, Vigée le Brun, etc., etc., and makes the customary remarks. We wade through pages of print to become acquainted with these ladies, but we never grow familiar. So-and-so's conversation was brilliant—we don't hear any of it; another gave marvelous dinners—we don't know what they ate; Mme. d'Arty "had no reputation to speak of"—we don't know why.

These personages are important to us, if they are important at all, because they entertained and were friends of important men. Their life was gossip, scandal, *petit soupers,* letter writing, and making love. The book is well written. The author has a soothing, sedative style which is easy to read, and that is something.

VOLTAIRE. By Richard Aldington. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

"The purpose of the book," says the author, "is to make a bridge between the mass of existing Voltaire knowledge and the people who would like to know the essence of it, yet have neither time nor desire to make a close study, . . . to provide a guide-book to the continent of Voltaire." The denomination of the book as a "guide-book" is a little chilling, for one can think of no previous guide-book of engaging flavor except Ford's immortal "Gatherings from Spain," first published as a guide-book. But be not discouraged. Here's a companion for Ford's work. The first half is biographical, the second critical. The biographical part is genuine portraiture; the critical part is amazingly adequate, considering the vasty continent of Voltaire's literary production. The book as a whole corrects that *légende* of Voltaire among English-speaking peoples so largely the work of the wrong-headed Carlyle and the finicking moralist Morley.

Voltaire was perhaps as doughty a champion as the cause of tolerance has ever had, as Mr. Aldington admirably sets forth. It is to be hoped that his book will have the very widest circulation in this country, where the spirit of Voltaire is so sadly needed.

History

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH EMPIRE IN THE OLD WORLD AND IN THE NEW. By Roger Bigelow Merriman, Professor of History in Harvard University. Vol. III—**THE EMPEROR.** The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.50.

This is the third volume of a truly monumental history of Spain (considered chiefly "from the standpoint of the Empire which sprang from her"), from the reconquest to the death of Philip II. Volume I dealt with the Middle Ages; Volume II, with "the Catholic Kings." This volume recites the story of Charles V's reign and is divided about equally into two parts, "Spain in the Old World" and "Spain in the New World." Dr. Merriman is not a genius, he has not the vivid narrative power of Prescott, but he is an even greater scholar than Prescott, more philosophic, more judicial, more scientific. Prescott must be read, Dr. Mer-

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riman should be. We await with impatience the concluding volume of a work which very appreciably enhances the prestige of American scholarship.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH. By Edward P. Cheney, Professor of European History in the University of Pennsylvania. In 2 vols. Vol. II. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $6.50.

This work has notable merits. Indeed, it only just falls short of the first rank of historical writing. But it does fall short by a hair. Professor Cheney's talent has not quite the heat required to fuse his material, the product is not quite organic. No, perhaps that is not quite a fair statement of the matter. Fairer to say that in general he puts too much fuel on the flame; he is a thought too learned for his artistic well-being. But the final chapter is of a noble simplicity worthy of the best. At any rate, whoever wishes thoroughly to inform himself concerning the Elizabethan age must not fail to read Professor Cheney's work.

Politics and Government

ESSAYS ON NATIONALISM. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

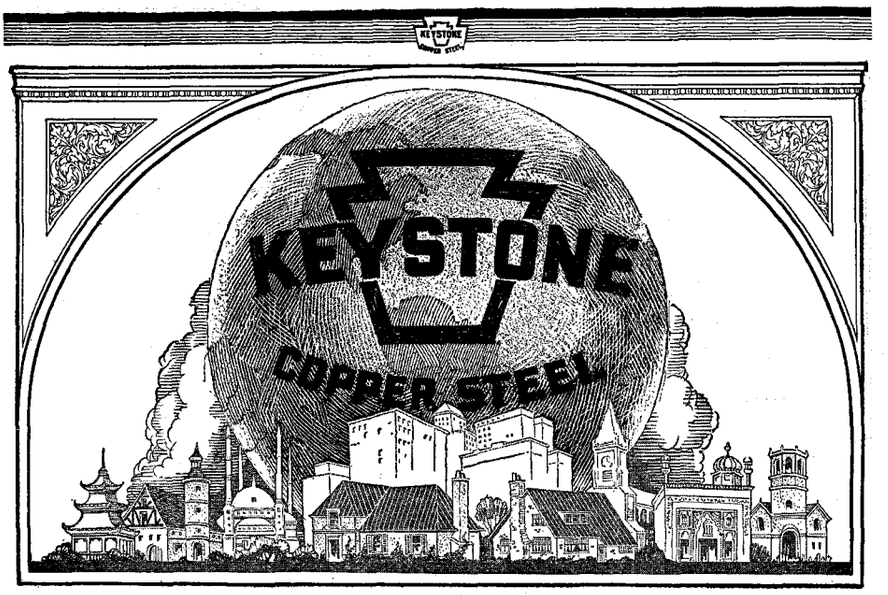
Professor Hayes begins commendably enough by defining the word "nationalism" according to the various meanings in which it is used. Unfortunately, in his later pages he does not keep his definitions clearly in mind. He uses the word to mean something which has both a good side and a bad, and again to mean something which is wholly evil. In the next to the last paragraph of the book, for instance, nationalism is a blend of snobbery, vainglory, ignorance, prejudice, inhumanity, and many other unlovely ingredients. Thoughtful readers are thus likely to feel doubt as to just what it is that the author is so roundly denouncing. If they decide that it is the thing usually known as jingoism or chauvinism, they will not be disturbed; if, on the other hand, they decide that it is the deeply intrenched feeling of loyalty to one's own nation and a sober pride in its achievements, they will feel that the indictment is terribly overdrawn. Much good learning has gone into the making of the book—sincerity, too, and idealism of a high order. But one cannot avoid the conviction that the author has been too bent upon excoriating chauvinism to give proper appraisal to what is fine and noble in patriotism. "The so-called antinomy between peace and patriotism," writes John Oakesmith in a passage quoted by the author, but evidently without approval, "does not exist; what does exist is the eternal antinomy between passion and self-control, between madness and sanity, between wisdom and folly."

THE POLITICAL EDUCATION OF WOODROW WILSON. By James Kerney. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Another of Mr. Wilson's friends has been doing him the doubtful service of writing a biography. Mr. Kerney was editor of the Trenton "Evening Times." Many of these chapters are not especially pleasant. Particularly is this true at the end of the book, when the embittered ex-President is shown sitting in his home and rejoicing over the minor discomfitures of Republicans. He refused to see Marshal Foch, whom he regarded as a "militarist." He remarked: "I would like to see Germany clean up France, and I would like to meet Jusserand and tell him so to his face."

THE GENESIS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Breckenridge Long. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Long, Assistant Secretary of State under Wilson, attempts to trace the evo-



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lution of the ideas and practice of representative constitutional government in this country from the first settlements of English immigrants down to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and he annotates the Constitution so as to show the derivation of most of its provisions from prior American governmental documents. It is an interesting attempt and respectably, though not brilliantly, executed. It has to be said that grace and clarity are too much sacrificed to brevity; still, it is a useful "worth-while" book.

The Drama

THE DYBBUK. A Play in Four Acts. By S. Ansky. Translated by Henry Alsberg and Winifred Katsin. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The dramatic literature of the Hebrew race is rich in plays of such great merit that they can be translated into other tongues and presented before alien peoples. If American managers were thoroughly familiar with the literature of this ancient race, they would find much material that would interest Broadway audiences. "The Dybbuk," drawn from this great mine of theatric wealth, has enjoyed a long and successful run at the Neighborhood Theatre in New York, and will probably be seen next season in every large city containing persons capable of appreciating it. It is founded on an old superstition, the ancient Jewish variant of the belief in the transmigration of souls. According to this superstition, when a young person is suddenly cut off at the beginning of a promising career, the soul leaves the body and enters into that of some other person, where it rounds out the unfinished career of its original possessor. In the play under consideration a young man dies and his spirit takes possession of a young girl with whom he was in love. It becomes necessary to exorcise this spirit, and this is done in a ceremony conducted by the Rabbi and assistant judges. At the conclusion of this strange ceremony the figure of the young man is made visible and is merged with that of the maiden, and, thus united, they disappear. Not the least interesting part of the book is the account of the ancient Jewish rites, and these, as one can readily imagine, are extremely effective as portrayed on the Neighborhood stage.

Travel

VIRGIN SPAIN. By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

The book has been cried up as of transcendent wisdom and beauty, as the best book ever written about Spain. Far, far from it. There are some excellent passages; as the study of Isabella and the chapter on the Escorial. These are the products of the author's lucid moments. Were the whole book like those passages, it would be a very good book.

THE CITY OF THE SACRED WELL. Being a Narrative of the Discoveries and Excavations of Edward Herbert Thompson in the Ancient City of Chi-Chen Itza, with Some Discourse on the Culture and Development of the Mayan Civilization as Revealed by Their Art and Architecture, Here Set Down and Illustrated from Photographs by T. A. Willard. The Century Company, New York. $4.

There is a comprehensive title-page for you! With so much explanatory matter relegated from text to introduction, the reviewer can use all his space to publish the glad news that a book dealing with the Mayas in terms of high romance has at last appeared. Research into Mayan codices, calendars, nomenclature, and so on has its useful and necessary place, but for real excitement allow us to assist Don Eduardo at his fishing from the bottom of the Sacred Well. What did he bring up? A figurine of flawless jade—and not one single outcropping of jade has ever been found on the American continent. Golden objects of every description. A snake of vulcanized rubber made probably two thousand years before Goodyear was born. Read, as well, his discovery of the Huun-tunich, the Stone Book, the Rosetta Stone of the Sacred City. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Willard and Thompson will have a hand in the making of the book which will describe the findings of the Carnegie Foundation expedition now at work in the City in Yucatan.

THE GLAMOUR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By H. Glynn-Ward. Illustrated with Photographs by the Author. The Century Company, New York. $3.

British Columbia has fared not too badly this publishing year, what with Bryan Williams's "Game Trails in British Columbia" and Stewart Edward White's "Skookum Chuck." However, there is still plenty of room for such an informative and vivaciously personal travel account as Mrs. Glynn-Ward's. It is a large order to put a province the size of Texas and Arizona combined into a book of two-hundred-odd pages, but her eye is keen and her sense of selection discriminatory. All her photographs are nicely calculated to rouse the bitterest envy in the breasts of city-bound readers. Gaze on "Pamm Creek on the Smoky River, Alberta, Where We Camped Our Second Night Out," and keep a decent regard for the last stipulation of the Tenth Commandment if you can.

Essays and Criticism

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTE-BOOK. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

We get closer to Anderson's nature in these notes and human dramas than we do in his novels. He is not in revolt against life; he is interested and troubled by it. Professor Sherman's description of him as the impassioned interpreter of day-dreams of common people is true, but not all the truth. Anderson has much of the Walt Whitman in him; he is naturalistic because he feels nature, all through and all of it—woods and streams, toil and sweat, the sex impulse—alike. All his work shows intensity of feeling—mysticism mixed with realism. It is found in his earliest work "Windy McPherson's Son," as well as in "Dark Laughter." Readers may dislike Anderson, but they can't ignore him. He has power. If you doubt it, read from his "Notes" the sketches called "A Meeting South" and "When the Writer Talks."

Religion

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY. The Story of Our Civilization. In 5 vols. Vols. I, II, and III. With Numerous Illustrations in Color and in Black and White. Bethlehem Publishers, New York. Dodd, Mead & Co., Distributors. $5 per vol.

This huge work is at once a history of Christianity and a new Christian apologetic. The appeal is popular. The scheme is the grandest conceivable. The necessity of such a work is one of the great challenges of the age. Has it been met successfully? In our opinion, no.

Volume I deals with the Gospel story, the making of the New Testament, and the first century of Christianity. The familiar difficulties which stumble so many who would fain believe but lack faith—for example, the conception of Christ, the miracles, the Pentecostal "speaking with tongues"—are handled weakly, not to say disingenuously.

Volume II covers the period A.D. 100–1527; *i. e.*, it carries the story to the Reformation. Much of this volume is excellent scholarly work, but honesty compels the criticism that there is too much glozing; the ineffable controversial absurdities, the

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horrible crimes committed in the name of Christianity, do not receive the attention they require.

Volume III covers the Reformation, the origin and development of the Protestant Churches, the history of the Roman Catholic Church since and including the Reformation and Counter-Reformation, and "The Story of Christian Missions." This volume, like the previous one, glozes over the discreditable features of the history of Christianity, and (unlike Volume II) further offends by dullness.

The necessity is to be regretted of a criticism so unfavorable of a work whose aim is so admirable, upon which so vast a labor has been expended. But absolute candor is "indicated." The need of an adequate popular Christian apologetic is still unanswered; the challenge to the age is all the stronger for the failure of this work. One should not despair of a successful answer to that challenge.

Philosophy

CREATIVE FREEDOM. By J. W. T. Mason. Harper and Brothers, New York. $4.

"Creative Freedom," says the author in his preface, "is the name given in this book to the quest which stimulates the evolution of existence in its progress away from the disintegration of Absolute Freedom." Quite so. He adds: "The author feels how inadequately he has performed the work of writing and rewriting his book." A perfectly adequate criticism, which happily relieves this reviewer of an ungrateful task. But just one sentence to prove how perfect a self-critic the author is: "The æsthetic reminiscence of the spontaneous creativeness of omnipotence may even cause man to consider himself omnipotently self-efficient when he is deep in æsthetic absorption." Let us pass on.

Miscellaneous

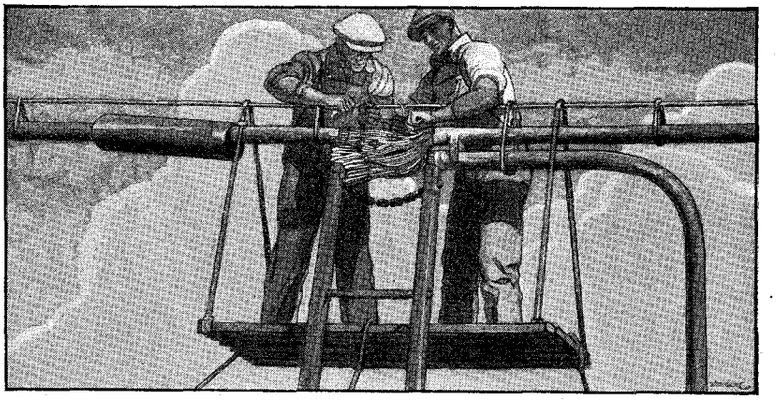
THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF LAZARILLO DE TORMES. With a General Introduction to The Rogues Bookshelf. By Carl Van Doren. Greenberg, New York. $2.

The first volume of "The Rogues Bookshelf," a series of attractively printed books devoted to picaresque literature and tales of crime.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT. By Charles F. Thwing. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

The American college president, that unique functionary that has no exact counterpart in other lands, is honored in this book by the first comprehensive study that has been made of him. The qualities of Dr. Thwing and his veteran service as head of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College admirably fit him for the task. He traces the evolution of the office, follows the president through all his numberless duties and complex relations, discusses the perils that always confront him and the rewards that sometimes crown his efforts, and speculates at some length on the future of the office and the character of its incumbent. Obviously some sweeping changes are necessary. The president of to-day is burdened with distracting and multitudinous cares. From such cares the president of the future must be freed so that he may give himself to his "few great, comprehensive, elemental tasks." He must be freed from the necessity of soliciting funds; from the details of material administration; from the duty of selecting teachers; and from the obligation of attending to the moral discipline of the students. He must have time to cultivate the friendship of his associates and students, time to mix more with the outer world, and, above all, time to think. He should be a thinker and an intellectual leader, and not a business manager.

Joining the wires in a great trunk nerve between New York and Chicago



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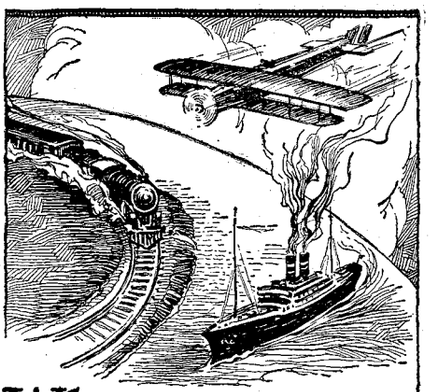

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Parks and Savages

THE OUTLOOK is following me on a prolonged journey through the West, and I am managing to get most of the copies. The May 12 number was almost worth the entire subscription. Shall I explain?

In your article "Summer Savages" you touched a human side which is new to even most people who have visited our National Parks. They may have heard some one speak of "dudes" or "pearl divers," but were not curious enough to inquire, because in their single-mindedness they were on the lookout for scenery, and possibly the much over-done tame bears. What else could there be worth while, if food, beds, and vehicles were comfortable?

The two most delightful days of a trip through Yellowstone Park in 1914 were with a "heaver," a "pearl diver," and a "sheet snatcher" in a two-horse surrey. I had remained a second day at one of the camps, and on the morning of leaving was asked, as a very special favor, to ride with the employees, as the busses were all full to crowding.

It did not take very long for me to realize that my fellow-travelers were the most cultured people I had met in the Park. They were in a delightfully jolly mood, too, for they were starting on the trip around the Park which is given to every employee some time during her service. After a few tentative remarks they realized that I was interested, and vied with one another in giving information about all phases of life in the Park, but especially about their side. It was funnier and more enjoyable than any entertainment I ever attended. It lasted two days, and still did not pall.

I have met a great many people who have visited the Park, but have not seen one who was at all interested in this side, even if she knew about it. So you will see why I read your article with so much appreciation. People are so much more interesting than anything else in the world, and why do we lose such wonderful opportunities to know them, especially in new surroundings and duties?

E. LOUISE PATTEN.

San José, California.

River or Sewer?

YOUR editorial in The Outlook for June 16 on the progress of waterway legislation at Washington reminds me of the Illinois River. A part of the pending appropriation is intended to further work on the nine-foot waterway from Chicago to the Gulf. If this route is completed, and used, the crews of the unfortunate boats, if any, condemned to ply it will wear gas masks as a part of their equipment. If any are shipwrecked, life-preservers will be useless.

This project has two unrelated phases. The commercial side, judged from the experience of some other artificial waterways, seems at least doubtful. If large quantities of bulk freight originate on its banks with a long haul to destinations also directly on its banks, the waterway may in time justify the millions spent on it. Where the water haul at either end, or both ends, is involved with a railroad haul necessitating transshipment and combined freight rates, the saving will be difficult to find.

Possibly our statesmen have made a deep study of this particular project and are convinced that it will be a commercial success and a benefit to the public. Possibly, also, the money is being spent in response to a popular clamor that Congressmen rarely have courage to resist.

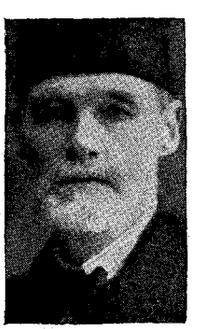
The other phase of the project is the transformation of the Illinois River from a clean, beautiful stream into an open sewer. Long ago Chicago established its legal right to do this, but no community has the moral right to do it. Obviously, Chicago must dispose of its sewage. Once it did so by dumping it into the Chicago River, which carried it out into Lake Michigan, to be pumped back into the water-pipes. Then Chicago built the drainage canal, turned the river wrong end to and floated its filth down the Illinois Valley. It is true that sewage-disposal plants have been built and are now operating in Chicago, but it is very doubtful if they are even keeping pace with the rapidly increasing population and area occupied. Meanwhile Chicago, under a temporary permit from the Secretary of War, is taking twice the amount of water from Lake Michigan originally authorized in order to carry off its sewage into the deep waterway.

At Starved Rock, a State park one hundred miles from Chicago, the Illinois River is a bubbling, oily, chocolate-brown mess in which not even a carp could live. Ducks will not alight on it. Even at this season of the year an offensive odor arises from the so-called water that can be detected a hundred feet from the bank. In hot weather it does even better. This corruption of a once lovely, clean stream, a paradise for hunters and fishermen, and the complete destruction of the benefits and pleasures that should be the legal right of the inhabitants of the Illinois Valley is a reflection on the city of Chicago. If this deep waterway was obliterated, Chicago would quickly find some other means of disposing of its sewage. Until it shows some serious signs of doing this it deserves scant consideration in its demand for more water.

GEORGE C. HUNT.

Chicago, Illinois.

Contributors' Gallery



A. RUSTEM BEY was three times in America in an official capacity—twice as Chargé and the last time as Turkish Ambassador to the United States, his appointment taking place a few months before the World War. He has now retired from the diplomatic service, and is devoting himself entirely to the work of a publicist. He lives in Constantinople.

CLELIA P. MCGOWAN was the first woman on the State Board of Education of South Carolina and the first woman alderman in Charleston. As a member of the Inter-Racial Commission she has done a remarkable work among the Negroes.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER is an author, dramatist, critic, and newspaper correspondent. He was educated in Paris, was at one time Paris correspondent for the Chicago "Tribune," and later special and regular correspondent in Paris for the New York "Herald."

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